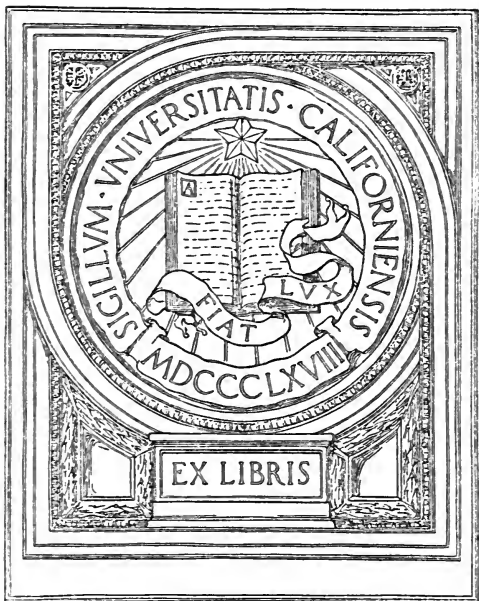


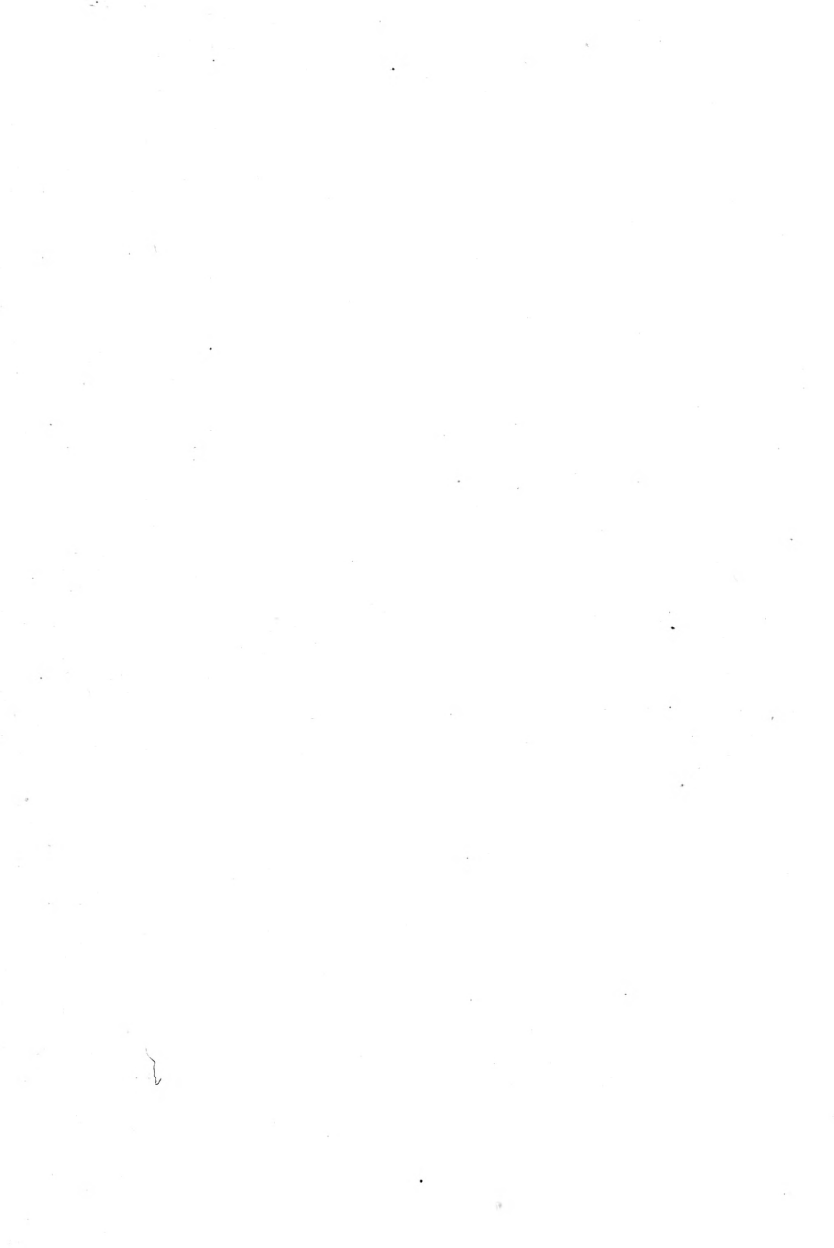
INTER-OCEAN
HUNTING TALES

EDGAR F. RANDOLPH



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HERD OF ELK.

INTER-OCEAN

HUNTING TALES

BY EDGAR F. RANDOLPH, 1861-

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.
1908



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FOREWORD

IN THIS volume will be found a series of articles which in recent years have appeared in *Forest and Stream*. The incidents recounted took place in widely separated parts of the United States and Canada.

As time slips by there is a pleasure in recalling hunting exploits which have become relegated to a past that can be lived over again only in memory. Whoever feels the sportsman's ardor kindle when blood red tales of the hunt are related—an ardor which the camera enthusiast, who possesses merely a platonic love of sport cannot appreciate—may discover an excuse for this book. Its style may strike one as somewhat informal and lacking in literary finish, but it should be borne in mind that too much formality is likely to take away the charm of camp life.

FOREWORD

If you picture yourself seated on a log by the open camp-fire you will not be apt to criticize the absence of polish in the composition of the text. You would as soon ask your guide to substitute patent leather shoes for his greased boots.

May, 1908.

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INTER-OCEAN HUNTING TALES

REMINISCENCE OF THE ROCKIES

IN THE fall of 1896 I decided upon taking a hunting trip to the White River country in Colorado. At that time the White River country was well supplied with game and might almost be considered a sportsman's paradise, or, as an Indian described it to me, like the "happy hunting grounds." Deer were very plentiful, and around Hayden and in California Park antelope were numerous, although very shy. Bull elk occasionally adorned the landscape with their imposing presence and splendid spread of antlers. The cougar was heard occasionally, although never seen unless hunted with dogs. Old "Silver Tip" frequented the neighborhood, but had a way of making his bulky form vanish like some apparition. His depredations, where he had mangled the carcass of some animal

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or disturbed the habitations of a lot of small fry under a rotten log, furnished evidence of his presence. There was enough large game in the country to give some idea of what it had been at a time when the Redskin was the undisputed proprietor of the soil.

I had secured, through correspondence, the services of a guide who had been well recommended. Having heard considerably about the cowboy, my curiosity had been somewhat excited, and I desired to form a better acquaintance from actual experience. The West was then, to my mind, a geographical area possessing a certain wildness and wooliness, which my imagination pictured to me. The rapid trend of events makes a book describing its general conditions seem behind the times almost as soon as it is published. Much of what I had read and heard, however, seemed to me like a fairy tale in the face of actual experience, although, allowing for exaggeration, back of it all it had a founda-

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tion of facts. Every time I have visited the West I have noticed the rapid progress of change.

During my first hunting experience, I noticed that the typical bad man, of whom I had heard so much, with his rough-and-ready manner, accoutred with dangerous weapons, his social position established by the size of his private graveyard, was wanting. The facetious desperado, who had a pleasant way of requesting the "tenderfoot" to dance while he marked time with his six-shooter, was "non est." An unappreciative community had organized from time to time a few "necktie parties," and the experience of such gentlemen has since become an interesting theme for romance. The large settled communities of course had the same cosmopolitan air and character that one finds in the East. There was, nevertheless, something in the social atmosphere which impressed you with the feeling that everything was very different.

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The cowboy, of whom I had heard so much, I learned to recognize as generally a very quiet, civil person, never going out of his way to do extraordinary things nor to make himself conspicuous. A man of few words and not inclined to familiarity, he is essentially a man of action, and prefers to take a short cut to accomplish his purpose. If one should conclude that his reserve and his reticence were the result of mental torpor, he would make a great mistake. Apparently taking little interest in a new acquaintance, and seeming to lack ordinary curiosity, I find that he is, notwithstanding, a very close observer and has a quiet way of extracting information without appearing eager to do so.

My guide engaged to meet me at Buford, Colo. Being unacquainted with the locality, I wrote to obtain information concerning the railroad station nearest my destination, and learned that it was Rifle. When I arrived at Rifle, I inquired about the best way to get



PACKING A BRONCHO.

Blindfolding a vicious animal is an expedient that generally attains its purpose.

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to Buford, and was informed, to my surprise, that I had a journey by wagon of sixty miles to make. This was my first experience with the magnificent distances of the West. The result was that I miscalculated the time of meeting my guide by an entire day. When I arrived at Buford on the evening of the next day, my guide, whom I saw for the first time, rode up on a mustang, seated in a big Mexican saddle. With an easy air, as though we had been acquainted all our lives, he expressed his pleasure at meeting me and advised all necessary arrangements for the morrow's start on our hunt back in the mountains.

It is interesting to notice how quickly and skillfully an experienced man can pack a lot of horses, apportioning the loads with great fairness, and balancing the dead weight so that it will ride easily on the backs of the not overwilling animals. Packing seems easy, and if you want to know how easy it is, try it. After you have ridden a mile or so, perhaps,

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some critical beast will begin to subject your work to a severe test by bucking. To express the state of your feelings when this happens would be impossible, unless your sympathetic guide, who is generally an expert in swearing, can help you out.

The first day's journey was rather long and tedious, a large part of it through monotonous stretches of sage brush. When at length the timber was reached, the change was most agreeable. We arrived at the location of our first camp without a mishap, unless having my legs squeezed between the horse and a tree a couple of times could be considered as such. Although my guide knew his business as a guide, I could not recommend him as a first-rate cook. His efforts at making bread proved a flat failure, and we had to do without the staff of life. The canned provisions, which required practically no skill in their preparation, made the inefficiency of the cooking less apparent.

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The camp being pitched in a well timbered and picturesque spot, we spent the rest of the afternoon in arranging everything and laying our plans for the next day. The waning sunlight found us spread comfortably around a big camp-fire, which sent its genial glow far into the dark recesses of the gloomy forest. When a great heap of burning faggots had sunk into a bed of smouldering ashes and the rising wind murmuring through the pines gave warning of an approaching storm, I concluded to crawl under the bedding and sleep. The hard, frozen ground is not as comfortable as a spring mattress, but I had to get used to it, and was sleeping soundly, when I was awakened in the morning by the cheerful voice of the guide, who called out, "Breakfast!" as if he were summoning all the guests of a boarding house to a feast. When I crawled out of my sleeping bag into the chilly atmosphere, I found the guide doing the chores in his stocking feet. A few dashes

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of ice-cold water from the stream hard by drove away all feeling of drowsiness, and made me conscious of the fact that I had an appetite.

After breakfast, without waiting to put camp in order, for the morning was already advanced, we started out in search of game. On coming to the edge of the timber, where the country opened up into one of the little parks which we frequently found in that locality, I saw the tall form of my guide slowly stoop behind some bushes, while, at the same time, he motioned me to be cautious. I soon saw what had arrested his attention. A magnificent blacktail deer, with a fine set of antlers, stood out in full view, not more than a hundred yards away. There were a half a dozen does nearby, but they did not interest me. I brought "Old Meat in the Pot" to my shoulders, for that is what my guide had christened my .45-90, and after taking deliberate aim, fired. Which was the most aston-

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ished, the buck, or myself, I could not say. He stood perfectly motionless, like an image in bronze. I had evidently missed him. A second shot fared the same; then the whole bunch of deer began to scamper off unharmed by any of the shots I had fired at the buck. I could not account for the bad marksmanship, for I knew that I did not have the buck fever. The guide said that I had killed one of the deer, which I disputed, until he pointed to a dying animal lying in a dense thicket just to the rear of the deer that had served as my target. I had not even seen it, until it was pointed out to me after I had shot it. After making several experiments with the rifle without satisfactory results, I found that the sight had been knocked out of place. I then handed the rifle over to the guide without correcting the error and requested him to let me see how a cowboy could shoot. With evident pride in his skill he brought the gun to his shoulder, but he shot as badly as any tenderfoot.

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In the meantime, the air was full of sounds more terrible than the report of the rifle. Any one who has heard a cowboy swear when he is really in earnest can understand what I mean.

At last it occurred to him that the sights might be out of order, and when he examined them and discovered the trouble, he looked at me, and seeing my complacent smile, the whole truth dawned upon him. We both laughed heartily at our mutual discomfiture and pledged each other's health from the flask to celebrate the occasion.

I returned to the camp without a trophy to commemorate my first success in killing deer, although I had secured an abundant supply of meat.

The next day we covered considerable ground on horseback, without success. I had, however, an interesting experience in climbing a mountain known as Old Sleepy Cap, sometimes, because of its peculiar formation at

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the summit, called the Razor Back. The ascent of this mountain was not particularly easy, on account of its abrupt elevation, although the height above the surrounding country was not great. The formation at the summit, which gave the unpoetical name of Razor Back to the mass, consisted of a long, narrow ridge, not more than eighteen inches to two feet in width, bristling with sharp projections of rock of quite uniform height extending nearly its entire length of about ninety yards. At each end it broadens out in a space conveniently large for a temporary resting place. After satisfying my curiosity, I suggested a descent into the valley, where the cool atmosphere would afford a welcome relief from the blazing rays of the sun. Much to my surprise, the guide informed me that the ascent was much easier at the point we came up than the descent, unless I wished to reach the bottom in a fashion that would imperil my neck. After discussing the matter

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with him a few moments and carefully studying the position, I came to the conclusion that he was right. We observed that at the other end we could find an easy way to descend. That meant a rather long and disagreeable walk on the serrated ridge, attended with considerable danger, or a still more unpleasant experience if I should attempt to crawl on hands and knees for greater safety. Like a couple of tomcat serenaders promenading on the top of a brick wall liberally strewn with broken bottles, we crawled to the far end of the ridge, where, with some difficulty, we descended. We returned to camp with no better luck than securing a snowshoe rabbit, which I shot through the head.

For some days I conscientiously hunted, but found it difficult to come close enough to get a good shot at deer. I saw quite a number bounding away far out of range, often stopping at a safe distance to observe our movements. For lack of better sport, I occas-

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ionally practiced on the "fool grouse"—a bird very similar in appearance to our Eastern partridge, but about the tamest game I have ever shot. I could generally have three trials at one before it would move. I would pace off the proper space, and then aim at the head. The flesh was not particularly delicate, and would certainly not please the palate of an epicure.

One day as we were traveling in a blinding snow flurry, we came to a precipice thickly fringed with undergrowth and small trees. Impelled by curiosity, I got off my horse and went near the edge to get a view of the country below. The waving tops of the pines beneath were barely visible, the force of the wind coming through the great long valley at my feet, sounded like the hollow roar of the ocean. As I stood upon the cliff, gratifying my fancy with the weird and strange impressions the surroundings made upon me, the storm began to abate, and through the

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diminishing fall of snow the sun gradually diffused its light, and presently the atmosphere cleared up, and the entire landscape was revealed to view as though a great white sheet concealing nature's panorama had been pulled aside. On a ledge jutting out from the base of the precipice, about two hundred feet below, I observed the shapely form of a deer with a fawn lying on the rock alongside of it. As far as the eye could distinguish, a great forest of aspen with white trunks and branches sparsely decorated with yellow leaves, filled the valley. Dense masses of pines, which completely covered the steep mountain sides, except where the ragged projections broke through, formed a dark setting to the brilliant landscape which lay between. My reverie was finally broken by a voice nearby: "Well, pardner, it's pretty late and we are a long way from camp." Traveling in that rough country after dark is not attractive to one who is not looking for trouble. So I mounted my

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horse and began to occupy myself with observing game signs and incidentally thought of the camp-fire and kettle.

It is interesting to notice how strangely the element of luck will enter into a sportsman's experience. One day, after hunting faithfully from early dawn until evening without success, I concluded to vary the monotony by shooting at a mark. I had not been engaged in that pastime very long before my attention was arrested by hearing something crashing through the brush at the foot of the hill where I stood, and presently I saw a fine blacktail buck come bounding up the slope directly toward me, accompanied by a doe. My rifle was just ready to bring up to my shoulder, but I remained motionless in plain view, waiting for the game to come within easy range. A more picturesque sight than that blacktail, easily and gracefully clearing the fallen timbers, I have rarely seen. My eagerness did not interfere with my sizing up the well-

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proportioned and beautifully poised antlers, which I regarded as already mine. As I raised my rifle to shoot, although the action was quite deliberate, it was immediately noticed. The deer changed its course when not over forty yards away, exposing its broad flank to my aim. It ran some distance after I fired, clearing with ease the trunk of a large fallen tree, and giving me no little concern for a few moments. Following his tracks, I soon came upon the deer, dead. It was indeed a fine specimen, weighing perhaps two hundred and fifty pounds, in good condition and with a perfect set of antlers.

I had often heard of the remarkably acute senses of wild animals; the timidity and keenness of deer are proverbial, and yet here was an instance which seemed to belie all former stories and past experience. Standing in plain view while firing at a mark, the buck ran directly toward me. One would naturally suppose that the noise of the shooting would

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have driven the animal away. My theory about the occurrence is, that when the report of the rifle is first heard, the tendency is for a wild animal to become alarmed and run in the opposite direction, but presently when it catches the echo, the real direction of the sound is misconceived, and it will then run in the direction of the firing. Other sportsmen have agreed with me in this view. There is no doubt that deer and other wild animals can tell the direction of sound, and consequently, when one becomes alarmed by the shooting and runs toward the place where the sportsman is located, it is not the ear, but the judgment that is at fault. A wild animal can have no correct idea of an echo, but undoubtedly imagines that it is an entirely different sound, and being last heard determines its final course.

This, however, does not explain the action of the deer in running directly toward me when I was in plain view. All sportsmen soon

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learn to recognize the fact that animals, although keen of sight, are not very discriminating. Birds, as well as wild animals, will frequently continue their course when it lies in the direction of a human being, provided there is no perceptible movement to attract their attention. Any kind of motion is immediately noticed, particularly if it is at all sudden. Stationary objects are not apt to attract much attention unless there is something very strange in their appearance, especially if the coloring does not harmonize with the general surroundings and happens to be different from what is ordinarily seen.

Animals use their faculties in a very mechanical way, and this observation is more true of sight than of any other sense. I have seen a pack of dogs which had followed a bobcat's tracks to a tree where they supposed it had taken refuge, baying and standing guard, while it was perfectly evident to any one who was not blind that the cat had es-

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caped. The sense of smell had directed the dogs to the spot, and relying upon the information received in that way, they failed to avail themselves of the intelligence they might have derived from another source. I have no doubt that the sight of dogs is particularly keen, but they rely almost entirely upon the sense of smell. When the mind is greatly absorbed in one direction, it is for the time being far less observant or attentive in other ways. A human being depends mostly upon the sight, and next upon hearing; the sense of smell is the least used of any of the senses. Among animals, with few exceptions, smell is the principal sense, and all the others are little used in comparison, although very acute.

Having secured a good deer trophy, I next turned my thoughts to a different kind of hunting, and concluded that antelope would afford a pleasing variety, both as a prize and in the method of hunting.

The next day the outfit was got in readiness

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and we started for a place called Hayden, located in California Park. The sun had melted the snow, and the journey was hot and dusty. Traveling over the steep mountain trails, the guide gave me the lead, while he rode at the rear of the pack horses strung out in single file, and made use of all the arts of persuasion to keep them going, frequently leaning down to pick up a rock or a stick to hurl at some "ornery" beast that would turn a deaf ear to the appeal, "Wake up and pay for your bedding." Speeches in true cowboy style, with plenty of rhetorical flourishes, were delivered almost without intermission, when the traveling was particularly difficult.

After leaving the timber, we had a tedious journey through long stretches of sage brush. The land where the sage brush abounds seems desolate and forsaken, and would impress the casual observer as perfectly worthless. While reflecting upon the forbidding aspect of the country, I wondered if this land could be

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rendered productive upon the arrival of that era "when the desert would blossom as the rose." I discovered an answer to my question ere long, when my sight was gladdened by a neat little ranch located near a stream, with about two acres of ground irrigated and under cultivation. If it had been an oasis in a desert, the contrast could not have been more striking. A great stack of alfalfa hay stood near the ranch, exposing a cut in its side which revealed the interior perfectly green. At first I thought that the grass had not been properly cured, but I learned afterward that the alfalfa contains so much nutriment that it remains green a long time after it has been cured and stacked. There were quite a number of fruit trees of small size so laden with fruit that the branches had to be propped. All that is needed to make the soil productive, is to clear off the sage brush, and irrigate.

We camped that night by a stream in a

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clump of aspen trees, many of which, although dead, were still standing. The aspen when dead becomes exceedingly dry and light, and makes a very hot and bright fire, but quickly burns out, leaving a small quantity of ashes to the amount of wood consumed. After the evening meal, we piled the dead aspen wood upon the fire until it formed a heap nearly as high as our heads. The flames shot well into the air and lighted up the landscape for a considerable distance. Listening to the guide spinning his yarns as we lay by the cheerful blaze, the time slipped by rapidly. It may not be out of place to relate one of the stories my guide told me, as a sample of the kind of intellectual treat they furnished.

Among his acquaintances was a telegraph operator at a place called Red Wing on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. The operator had taught the guide a smattering of telegraphy, and the sequel will prove the truth of the saying that "a little knowledge is a

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dangerous thing." The operator was on very friendly terms with a young lady in the same employment at a station not many miles away, and when business was slack they freely corresponded in complimentary and sometimes sentimental messages, until at length their feelings toward each other had deepened into something more than friendship. One day the guide dropped into the office, and while he was there, the operator had to leave for a short time on other business. During his absence a message came over the wire of the usual sentimental kind. The "chargé d'affaires" did not recognize the sender nor understand the message, but being possessed of ready wit and unlimited assurance, he immediately sent back a reply characterized by brevity, force and spiciness. When the regular operator returned and endeavored to resume a tête-à-tête he could get no response, nor was further communication continued, except in the ordinary course of business. An

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effort to obtain an explanation received no notice, as he was supposed to be the guilty party and naturally would understand the cause of the trouble well enough without it. While the operator was pouring out the burden of his troubled soul to the guide a few days after, a suspicion flashed across the mind of the latter that perhaps the fragrant message he had sent at random might have been the cause of the misunderstanding. He so informed the operator, and matters were finally satisfactorily explained, and the former friendly relations restored.

When California Park was at length reached, we found the country very hilly, but open. There were a number of antelope in that locality, but it was almost impossible to get a good shot at one. The atmosphere is so deceptive that it is very difficult to gauge the distance. I made a good many quite accurate line shots, but they were invariably either too high or too low. It was some

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time before I could form a correct idea of the distance. I believe it is best for any one shooting in a strange country where distances are deceptive, to ask information of the guide, so that he may be able to sight his rifle at the right elevations. In an open country, where the atmosphere is rarefied and objects are seen very distinctly, it is easy to underestimate the range of your mark; while in the timber, particularly if it is fairly dense, the tendency is to overestimate and consequently shoot too high. After a couple of days, I at last succeeded in bagging an antelope and tried to run down on horseback another one that I had creased, but it managed to escape. It would frequently stop and look back while being pursued. Once I checked my horse and waited. The antelope stood still and watched me at a safe distance. I observed that it grew no weaker from the loss of blood, and when I resumed the chase I became convinced that it was probably more than a match in speed for

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my jaded horse. I did not seem to gain on it, and the horse was showing great distress under the strain. I had not the heart to apply the stimulus to make him quicken his pace as the guide did to his horse, fairly raking his sides from the shoulders down with the great Mexican spurs until they were red with blood.

My experience in hunting antelope convinces me that a sportsman earns about every trophy he gets. No man can be a sluggard and succeed in hunting this kind of game. With senses as acute as any wild animals possess, they live in an open country, where every object is visible except for the slight concealment offered by the sage brush or some depression of the ground. The antelope have one stupid habit—very remarkable on account of their keenness in other respects. They will almost always follow their leader, strung out in single file, notwithstanding that in doing so the end of the line may come close to a hunter

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in pursuit who is cutting across their course. When the line is strung out to a considerable length, and the mounted hunter is not more than a few hundred yards away and is riding at right angles to the course that the antelope are pursuing, it can readily be seen that the last of the herd will have allowed the pursuer to gain considerable distance. There has been a good deal of discussion in regard to the possibility of running antelope down by mounted hunters. The stratagem usually employed is to surround a bunch of antelope by making a wide circle sufficiently large to avoid giving immediate alarm to the herd. Several men begin the chase by riding toward them from several widely separated points and driving the herd in the direction of another group of hunters, who are concealed from sight in some depression of the ground. When the herd reaches the point where the other hunters are concealed, they are pursued by men on fresh mounts. Sometimes the herd

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is scattered, and some stray confused animal will try to rejoin the others, and in doing so will run straight in the direction of his comrades, quite regardless of the closeness of his pursuers. I saw one lone distracted animal trying to rejoin the herd come within sixty yards of a dismounted hunter, who tried to get a shot at it, but was prevented by his horse straying in front of him and moving in such a way that his aim was cut off, until the antelope had considerably increased the distance, and then escaped the shots fired.

My time being limited, I was compelled to cut my antelope hunt short without having secured a suitable trophy, although I had plenty of hard riding and excitement. On the return trip, as the guide and myself sat by the camp-fire, a cowboy joined us who became quite companionable, and gave us all the news after his mind had been sufficiently stimulated by several generous pulls at the flask. It appeared that a couple of days be-

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fore an attempt had been made one night to rob the bank at Meeker. Before the robbers could accomplish their purpose, the citizens discovered what was taking place and quietly surrounded the building. When the men came out they were shot down and killed; the ends of justice were thereby satisfied without the proverbial law's delay. The cowboy then told me of another bank, in which he was a depositor, which had been robbed not long before by one of its officers, who had gotten off with a considerable sum. I asked him what the liabilities were. The word staggered him. Although I recognized that he was a man of resources, yet I felt sure that I had "stumped him," and felt sorry for it. He stared vacantly at the fire a few moments and slowly shifted a quid from one side of his mouth to the other and sent a long, yellow stream into the center of the blaze, which I thought for a moment would extinguish it; at length he replied in a leisurely way: "Wal,

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pardner, the liabilities are—if they catch him they will hang him.”

Two days afterward I took leave of my guide; I felt as I clasped his great strong hand that the compression came as much from the heart as the muscles.

I soon found myself again in civilized surroundings. A barber's skill, a warm bath and conventional attire had already wrought a wonderful transformation. As I sat in a comfortable seat and looked out of the car window, observing the strange and beautiful scenery, so continually changing with the rapid movement of the train, every hour covering a greater distance than I could travel with a pack outfit in a day, I felt how much easier it was to take it all in this way; no fractious horse to control; free from the burning sun, which would often shoot down its rays upon one like the heat waves from a furnace, and while in the midst of this ordeal, the climate would sometimes suddenly change

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with the clouds gathering in the sky, and a cold wave, perhaps accompanied by a snow-storm, would follow. When I reflect upon my experience in after years, the scenery I observed so rapidly and with no effort, reappears to my mind like a blurred photograph as compared to what I saw while traveling with the pack outfit. The charm of natural scenery grows upon one by degrees; whoever thinks that the charm wanes when the novelty has worn off is not a true admirer of nature.

Whatever opinion one may entertain of the foregoing statement, it is very certain that the sportsman cannot gratify his favorite desire and at the same time consult his ease in all respects. A royal sportsman may afford the luxury of having a force of game keepers drive wild beasts within range of his rifle, and imagine that he is enjoying the real thing. The average man has no such opportunity, and I believe has no reason to regret it. The best hunting sections of the country are re-

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mote from settlements, and are generally somewhat difficult of access. Game is by no means so plentiful now as it was when the country was being opened to civilizing influence by the introduction of railroads. It is no longer possible for a wealthy man, who likes sport without inconvenience and hardship, to have his parlor car side-tracked, and to make it a headquarters while enjoying the pastime. One is compelled to rough it to some extent to obtain success in hunting big game at the present time. But after all, is that an objection? Does it not put a keen edge on the sportsman's desire? Those hunting incidents which have given me the greatest trouble and exercised my skill the most are the ones I recall with greatest pleasure.

EXPENSE OF AN OUTING

THE expense of a Western hunting trip after big game, and what is necessary to make it a success, will largely depend upon how much or how little one requires. The average man, accustomed to the ordinary comforts of civilized environment, should be careful to supply himself with as many of these as possible, without too greatly increasing the expense and the bulk of what has to be transported.

The season of the year makes a difference also. In the late fall or during the winter any one who is not accustomed to camping out in cold weather will find a tent with a light, portable sheet-iron stove, which can easily be carried on a horse's back, very serviceable.

My last hunting trip in the West was late in the fall, and I had everything complete.

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I will enumerate what I took and then state the cost: I had a guide and a cook; a tent for myself and another which served as quarters for the three men and also for a dining pavilion; a sheet-iron stove for each tent, which, with several lengths of pipe weighed very little; two folding tables and several chairs that packed into very small space; plenty of warm bedding and underwear; a liberal supply of canned stuff—soups, meats, vegetables, preserves, etc.—besides the usual standbys, flour, bacon, my rifle, ammunition, etc., and a few books to read when I was tired of hunting and wanted to loaf in camp. The cost was as follows: Guide, \$3 per day; horse wrangler, \$2 per day; cook, \$3 per day; eight pack horses, 50 cents apiece per day; six dogs, no charge.

Provisions, consisting principally of canned stuff, at from 15 to 20 cents a can, I purchased at St. Anthony, Idaho. I had about \$60 worth of canned stuff, and had some left

EXPENSE OF AN OUTING

over after camping out thirty days. In round figures it cost me about \$14 a day while camping out. This expense can be cut down, if one wishes to economize. Great care, however, should be taken about attempting to cut off too much.

I have heard much adverse criticism in regard to canned goods, but in my own experience I find them most serviceable. What are generally sold contain, as a rule, a large quantity of water, and this adds unnecessarily to the weight and bulk. A great deal of this may be had in a condensed form; before cooking, water can be added to it.

The success of a hunting trip depends almost entirely upon the guide. Great care should be taken against securing the services of any one without first finding out something about him in advance. If you are fifty or one hundred miles out in the wilderness and your guide should prove unsatisfactory, you cannot conveniently dispense with his services.

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In that case you have nothing to do but to make the best of a bad bargain.

With the disappearance of big game almost everywhere, and the greater difficulty of securing it, more skill and special knowledge are required now than formerly. There are a good many men who have shot large game and lived in the wilderness who would not make competent guides. The man whose time is limited must select as his guide someone who has a good knowledge of woodcraft, understands the habits of wild animals and is able to furnish a good outfit.

A NEW BRUNSWICK HUNT

THE Province of New Brunswick, in the neighborhood of the Tobique River, was once noted as a favorite resort for caribou, but for some reason this fickle, migratory animal has become somewhat scarce in that locality. The moose has become more abundant. Various reasons are given for the diminishing number of caribou and the increase of moose, but I do not undertake to explain the cause of the change. There are certainly quite a number of moose in the country, and if one is not too eager to shoot the first chance he gets, and will wait till he sees a good head, a hunt of several weeks ought to secure satisfactory results. The law allows a sportsman only one moose, and that fact should make him careful about bagging anything which comes in sight.

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The true sportsman should form a resolution to secure a good trophy or nothing. It is pitiable to see what rubbish some people lug out of the woods—heads that are wanting in size and defective in fair proportions. The head of the moose lacks the grace and beauty of outline which characterize the elk, the only large animal of this continent which can compare with it in size, and so it must make up in massiveness what it lacks in other respects. Whether large or small, an elk's head is almost invariably beautiful and graceful. In securing a trophy one can afford to be more independent of size when an elk head is the object sought, and not the head of a moose.

The attractiveness of a moose head consists largely in its grotesqueness; the size has quite as much to do with that as its shape.

If one intends to hunt in New Brunswick, a great deal depends upon the kind of hunting desired, whether one goes early or

A NEW BRUNSWICK HUNT

late in the season. In the early part of the season, say from the first of September to the 25th of October, there is little or no snow, and at that time it is extremely difficult to get any large game by stalking, for the ground is covered with dry leaves and brittle wood, which make considerable noise at every step. At that season one must depend largely upon canoe work and calling for moose, while caribou and deer are then still more difficult to hunt.

Moose frequently come down to the water, of which they are very fond, and in which they bathe and wallow. Caribou are less apt to frequent such spots. Calling is a favorite method of bringing moose within range, but great care has to be exercised, for a single false note and your noble quarry, instead of accepting an invitation to a funeral, which he is to grace, will retire to a place of safety.

When there are a few inches of snow on the ground, hunting becomes more attractive

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to the sportsman. Instead of sitting in his canoe waiting for something to come within range, he is vigorously exercising his muscles and his knowledge of woodcraft to secure a shot, and often his skill is put to a considerable test in shooting through thick timber.

There is nothing more improving to health and conducive to happiness than strenuous exercise in the cold, bracing air, with sport as an incentive. Whatever may be the outcome of your hunting, you are sure to take out of the woods with you an increased supply of vital energy and robustness, which, after all, is very important. If your hunting should not furnish you with such tangible results as you would like to see, console yourself with the reflection that a very wealthy man once offered "a million dollars for a new stomach," and perhaps you have secured an equivalent for a great deal less.

Early in October of 1904 I joined my guide at the forks of the Tobique. We immedi-

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ately started out in a canoe, into which I packed all my things, to pole up the Little Tobique. The water was pretty high, and this increased the difficulty of ascending the river, whose current, naturally strong, was interspersed by rocks and the débris of stray logs and woodland refuse. The sturdy skill of the guide was considerably taxed in spite of the small assistance rendered by me with the paddle; and yet I was of some assistance in forcing the canoe over places where there was no poling bottom. In about five hours we reached our destination and put up at the camp, which consisted of a very commodious log cabin, where we found the cook, who soon began to busy himself in preparing the evening meal. The two succeeding mornings I got up before day, while stars were still bright, and returned late in the morning, having as a reward for my pains a good appetite and plenty to satisfy it, when I could succeed in getting it down. The third morn-

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ing both the guide and myself overslept, and with a blush of shame I encountered the glare of Old Sol as he fiercely showered his burning rays upon our heads.

That same morning a lazy bull moose had been guilty of the same offense, and appeared at the bank of the river to take his belated bath just as our canoe came dancing and twisting down the swift, turbid stream toward him. The big bull did not seem in the least concerned, although every moment we were rapidly drawing nearer. If he had been standing in the water, I believe he would have let us run into him had we been disposed to do so. With a quick movement of the paddle, the guide turned the canoe so that I could secure an easy position to shoot, and then a sharp crack of the Mauser rifle, followed by the heavy swaying motion of the animal as he sank down to pour out his life blood on the sand, closed the incident.

The head measured fifty-two inches, and

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was quite shapely. As I surveyed the prostrate form of this pride of the Canadian forest, I thought that it was no particular skill of mine which had brought it within easy reach and secured me a fine trophy. It seemed to me as though the original owner of the antlers had almost made me a present of them. We do not greatly appreciate things which come too easily into our possession. I would have been better pleased if the royal beast had made the shot more difficult and had given me a chance to exercise my skill. He may have mistaken me for one of those sportsmen who tremblingly pass the gun to the guide and ask him to shoot.

During that time I saw another moose, which I declined to shoot, because, as I informed a friend, I had all the law allowed, and for the further reason that "it had no head." When I informed my friend that the moose "had no head," he seemed somewhat incredulous, but after I explained that

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this was an Irish bull, he seemed better satisfied.

During the rest of my sojourn I had considerable amusement in shooting at a mark with my .22 automatic Winchester, which affords plenty of practice without making too much noise, and is also useful for small game.

The return trip home was diversified with the common experiences of the transition from the rough camp life to your own fire-side, when you sit in an easy chair and talk it all over with your friends. Sixty miles' paddling down the Tobique, ever impelled by its rapid though wayward current, which required the constant correction of your course, and gave delight in the survey of the beautiful banks decorated by the virgin forest for miles, marked the first day's journey. The next day a ride in stuffy cars over a second-class railroad, until you finally land in a Pullman coach and spin along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Perhaps you pick

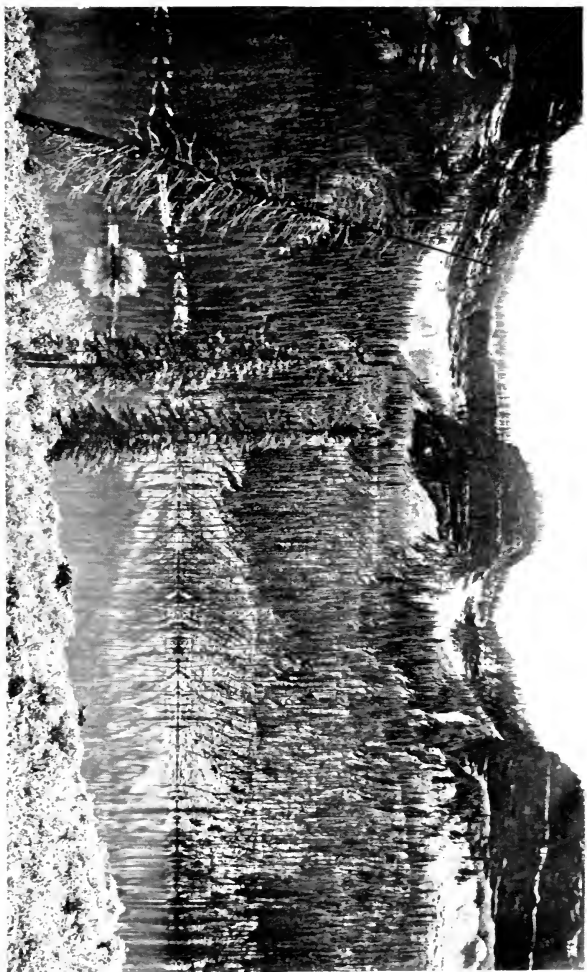
A NEW BRUNSWICK HUNT

up a chance acquaintance in one or two sportsmen who have just returned from a similar outing, and tell you of their mighty deeds which lose nothing by repetition; you shrink within your modest little self as you listen, for you know you have accomplished nothing which will stand well in comparison.

On my way back I met several sportsmen, one of whom related to me his exploits, which were very tame on first recital. We were sitting in the smoking apartment of the Pullman, when presently two other sportsmen came in and we got into conversation over our different hunting experiences. The two sportsmen who came in last related the wonderful feats which they had accomplished. After they had talked themselves out, my first acquaintance, who had been so modest in what he related, much to my surprise took a fresh start. I think a couple of good drinks, which stimulated his imagination and stirred his personal pride, had something to do with

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it. With an eloquence which truly surprised me, he added the "verisimilitude of truth to otherwise bald and uninteresting statement of facts." It was evident that the newcomers were outclassed, for my modest friend was not only gifted of tongue, but he told his story last. I have discovered that there are more ways than one of establishing a reputation as a sportsman, and sometimes the "gift o' gab" is more important than skill in handling a rifle.



MARVIN LAKE, COLORADO.

ROUNDING UP CATS IN COLORADO

THE mountain lion of the West is the panther or cougar of our Eastern States, sometimes called "painter" by the old-fashioned backwoodsman; in some localities it goes by the name of "Indian devil," no doubt on account of the weird, unearthly noises it makes at night. In Mexico it is known as the "puma," and grows to a larger size than elsewhere. In appearance the mountain lion is very similar to the African lioness, having a smooth, tawny skin, without any mane; a full-grown animal that will measure from seven to eight feet from its nose to the end of the tail and weighs about 180 pounds, is considered a large specimen. They seldom exceed this, and more frequently fall below it.

Although often engaged in hunting big game, I never saw a mountain lion at large

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except when one has been rounded up by a pack of dogs. In their habits they are stealthy and secretive, carefully keeping concealed, and never willing to fight unless cornered, with no chance of escape. Occasionally, when the odds are overwhelmingly in its favor, a lion will provoke a battle, but this is not often the case.

In disposition and character the mountain lion belies its name; of all carnivorous beasts it is, perhaps, the most cowardly. Being exceedingly destructive, it not only kills for food, but it also kills out of wantonness. I have run across numbers of deer that have been destroyed by the same animal within short distances of each other, the carcasses being allowed to remain almost entire. It has also been stated on good authority that one lion will be likely to kill in the course of a year about one hundred and fifty deer.

Considering its destructive disposition, I have no doubt that in a country where the

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deer are at all numerous, this statement is not far from the truth. The ranchman has a cordial hatred for this destroyer of his stock, and the cunning displayed by the lion in evading traps and turning away from poisoned meat makes him all the more unpopular. This animal will not eat of any kill unless it is his own or that of some other lion. Extremity of hunger may cause him to act differently, but it is exceptional. Most success in hunting this game is to be found in localities where the deer are plentiful. It is practically useless to attempt any hunting of this kind unless you have a pack of well trained dogs handled by some one who has complete control over them. Great care and patience has to be exercised in breaking a pack of dogs for this purpose, and to prevent them from running other game. If, for example, a pack should take after a timber wolf, that animal is so fleet that he would distance most of his pursuers and string them out considerably. The wolf has been

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known to turn on the pack thus separated and kill a number of the dogs, one after the other, before the pack could be united. The disappointed huntsman, reaching the end of the run on his jaded horse, might survey the remnants of his pack—first the survivors with downcast heads and apologetic tails between their legs—and then some dog fur scattered over the blood-bespattered ground, and here and there a mangled corpse. It is no joke to have a pack run for miles after the wrong game over rough country, your whole day's sport broken up, and perhaps lose your dogs for several days.

The mountain lion has not much endurance in the chase, although very fast for a short distance, which he covers by a series of leaps. In a short time he is treed or driven to the ledge of a precipice or into some hiding place. If you are fond of hunting with a camera, you generally have ample time to take a photograph of your prize, perhaps posing in the

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branches of a tree and looking as pleasant as possible—for a mountain lion!

The lively serenade furnished by the dogs, which the lion recognizes by continual growls, displaying his whole set of ivories, completes a scene not soon forgotten. Your share of the business is very tame, although absolutely effective. A shot at close range behind the shoulder, and the lion tumbles among the savage dogs to engage in a losing fight; while in the agony of death, not infrequently he leaves some little reminders of his long claws and strong teeth upon his assailants.

In the month of January, 1900, I engaged the services of John B. Goff, who possessed a good pack of dogs to hunt "lions" and "cats" in Colorado. The "cats" referred to are bobcats, not the Canada lynx with which they are sometimes confounded. The winter was unusually free from snowfalls, and the ground being very dry, it made hunting difficult, because the dogs could hardly follow the scent.

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My first destination was a ranch on Strawberry Creek belonging to the guide, about twelve miles from Meeker. Here for several days we engaged in a fruitless hunt, until one morning a fresh fall of snow covered the ground, when our efforts were rewarded by the dogs striking a couple of cat trails; these we followed a short distance, with the whole pack tearing away ahead of us in full cry. The dogs followed the trail to a great pile of massive rocks, which towered a hundred feet above our heads, and there became bewildered. What had become of the stealthy bobcats? The guide and myself climbed the rocks to search for them. Looking down from the summit I saw one of them lying in front of a cave surveying the dogs, which were silently and swiftly nosing around below it. It was easy enough to shoot the cat where it was, but as it rested on the ledge of a rock of some breadth, it was a grave question whether it might not die there where it would

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be practically inaccessible, and we would have all our pains for nothing.

To drive the cat from its position into a better one was more than a doubtful possibility, as it was likely to run back into the cave. So I took a chance and fired. Like a crash of lightning above their heads, the excited dogs heard the report and knew that "there was something doing." The wounded cat gave a sudden leap into space and fell among them. If there is any question about a "cat having nine lives," it seems that the dogs were bound to be on the safe side, for they mauled the remains until I began to fear that the fur might be damaged before I could come to the rescue. Through a fatal curiosity, the other cat peeped over the precipice, and paid for its rashness with its hide, which I added to my collection. The job of skinning the cats I turned over to the guide.

The big dogs sat around in sullen dignity, particularly avoiding any familiarity with

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smaller dogs and with each other. Each one seemed to consider himself the hero of the occasion. I have had occasion to observe that the pack would work and fight well together, but after the fray they seemed to be intensely jealous of each other.

Several of the dogs interested me considerably. One of them was called "Old Jim," a big black-and-tan foxhound, with a deep bass voice which would swell the chorus when the pack was in full cry and sometimes almost drown it. Old Jim would occasionally provoke the not over angelic temper of the guide by leading the whole pack after a coyote. On one occasion he had distinguished himself by whipping a coyote, and whenever one of these "sassy" prairie wolves would show itself, he could not resist the temptation of giving chase, leading the whole pack after him.

Any one acquainted with Western hunting knows how useless it is for dogs to attempt to outrun a coyote. The coyotes would fre-

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quently come close to the pack, if there was no man nearby, as though to provoke a chase for our special annoyance. The dogs, however, would never run the coyotes' trail; they were broken of that.

Another interesting acquaintance was a dog called Turk, a cross-breed, but a very strong and stubborn fighter, all seamed with scars. Turk kept near the guide, and did not run with the pack except when there was something in view. He was a good-natured dog ordinarily, but an ugly customer in a scrap.

There was another dog called Boxer which had a very keen scent; long before the rest could discover a trail one could hear Boxer's knowing yelps, which would gradually develop into a chorus, as one by one the other dogs would detect the scent as it became warmer. Boxer had more judgment than any other dog in the pack, and was very good in puzzling out a broken trail.

We spent several days longer at the ranch

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on Strawberry Creek. While there the guide purchased a broken-down horse to feed to the dogs. It is not a particularly easy matter to keep twenty-one dogs supplied with food. When the horse was led out for execution the dogs became intensely excited and seemed to know "what was up." The moment the animal was shot, and almost before it fell to the ground, the whole pack of dogs, big and small, was tearing eagerly at the carcass. No doubt the habit of attacking wild animals as soon as they have been shot developed their naturally savage dispositions.

At the suggestion of the guide, we decided to go to a ranch near the Bear River Cañon, two days' journey from our present location. When we arrived at the ranch, after a long day's ride on horseback, we found the ranchman's wife keeping house; her husband had left for several days. She seemed in no condition to entertain us on account of a bad headache, but kindly offered to do whatever

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she could. We volunteered to help her out with her domestic duties. First of all I prescribed for her headache; the medicine went down the wrong way, which caused her to vomit, after which she declared she felt better. My professional pride did not permit me to enlighten her as to the unexpected result of my prescription. I say professional pride, because I went by the nickname of the Doctor on account of an emergency case I carried with me.

I made myself useful in doing most of the chores usual on such occasions, while the guide held the baby, which howled incessantly. The expression on his face while performing this duty was as angelic as I have seen it when Old Jim would lead the whole pack off on a chase after a coyote against his impotent protest. When the meal was served, two other children turned up, one a little girl nine years old, who was censured for not taking care of the baby; the other a boy of about eleven,

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who was particularly good, according to his mother's account of him. Our first day's experience with these interesting children caused us to reverse the parental opinion. When we returned from our hunt the evening of the following day, the guide missed his lasso; the good little boy had tried to lasso a cat which was selecting some delicacies from a tin can, the cat took a sudden leap to escape the lasso, and in doing so shoved its head into the can and cinched the lasso round its body; cat, can and lasso disappeared in the sage brush and were never found.

The country around Bear River Cañon is very rough and picturesque. The cañon is steep and cuts a great gorge in the mountain, and is very difficult to cross. In one place we were headed off by the precipice, which must have been fully a thousand feet in depth; I rolled a stone off the edge, and its descent seemed to take a considerable time. A shower of broken fragments and dust, followed a

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second or two afterward by a dull crash which reverberated through the cañon, announced the termination of its fall.

The dogs finally succeeded in jumping a lion, running right upon him. From a distance I could see the chase along the side of a mountain until it turned in the direction of the cañon. The lion did not seem to be going very fast while covering the ground by long leaps, which he appeared to do without much effort; but when I looked at the pack, which did not seem to be gaining on him, they were straining every nerve, and looked as if they were "going it for all they were worth." No doubt the easy gait of the lion made his speed deceptive. The lion took refuge upon a ledge of the precipice some fifteen feet below the crest. When we arrived at the spot the dogs were raising an awful din in their impotent frenzy, as they looked down upon the smiling countenance of the lion, which was displaying all his teeth. It was thought inadvisable to

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shoot the lion on the ledge where he was, because there was a good chance of his dying in an inaccessible spot, so we dropped stones on him, hoping to drive him out of that place and compel him to run to the top of the precipice and take refuge in a tree.

For some time the lion savagely snapped at the stones, much to our diversion. In their eagerness to see the lion the dogs crowded one another near the edge of the precipice, and occasionally crowded me. As I leaned over to drop a stone on the lion's tail a big dog planted his forefeet on my shoulders. Perhaps he did this to get a better view, or it may have been because he was not able to say "down in front," that he adopted this method of giving me a gentle hint that I was obstructing his view. The action was not pleasant to me. I did not relish the idea of being shoved over the precipice and dashed to pieces below, with the possible alternative of landing on the ledge where the

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lion was located. Our efforts at last resulted in causing the tormented beast to seek refuge elsewhere. After abandoning the ledge he ran upon the top of the precipice and came so close to me that I could have touched him—but I didn't. A little foxhound ventured too close and his impertinence was rewarded by a snap from the lion which grazed the dog's head and slit his ear in twain. Instead of taking to a tree, as we had vainly hoped, the lion discovered a way of getting down upon another ledge of the precipice, more inaccessible than the first, and became concealed from view. It became evident that we were taking too many chances, so the guide and myself found a way, very steep and rough, below the lion's last resort, where it was just possible to see, several hundred feet away, the head and neck of the animal. I took careful aim and fired. The bullet went a little higher than I intended, breaking the lower jaw. I wished to preserve the skull entire for a

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mount; but the character of the wound inflicted made this impossible. In spite of the injury received the tawny form glided along the almost perpendicular side of the precipice, picking out here and there a foot rest to aid in its ascent. I fired another shot, which struck behind the shoulder, but did not stop the animal from reaching the top of the precipice, where the dogs soon discovered him. I was not too late to see some of the fight. In the scrimmage the lion got Turk's head partly in his mouth, and for a moment I felt alarmed on account of the dog. Fortunately, the lion's lower jaw refused to work, and Turk got off with light punishment—merely a scalp wound, from which the blood flowed freely.

I began to arrange my camera, intending to take a snap-shot of the melee, but the shade of the trees made the light bad for an instantaneous photograph, the only one that could be taken of a moving scene; the guide,

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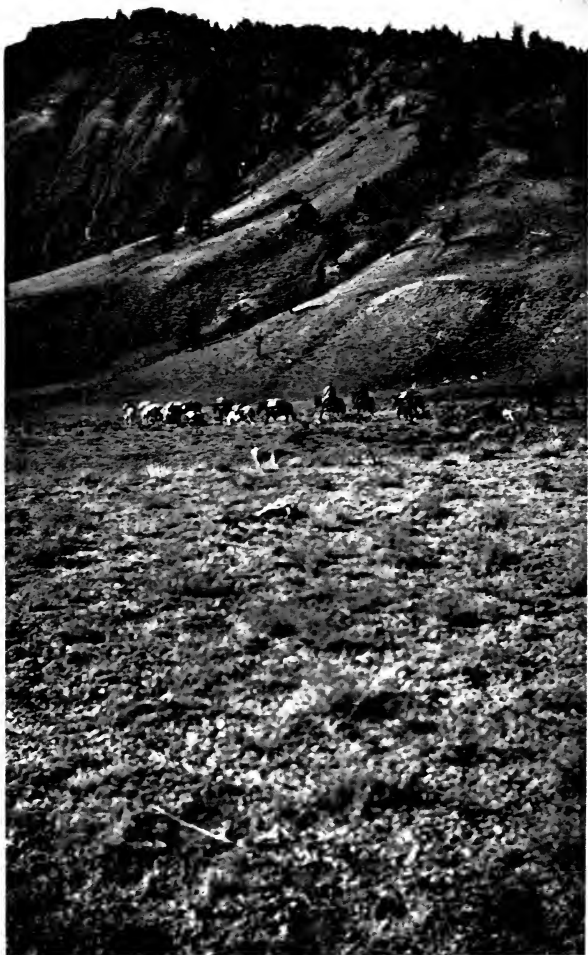
seeing my dilemma, caught hold of the lion's tail, while still fighting the dogs, and dragged the tangled bunch a few yards down the side of the hill into the sunlight. When this was done the lion was dead, and I was not able to accomplish my purpose. As I surveyed my first lion trophy I could not help admiring the game fight it had put up against hopeless odds. There could be no skepticism respecting the execution of its terrible teeth, for not a few wounds were inflicted on the dogs. The beast must have weighed 170 to 180 pounds, and its skin was in fine condition; but, unfortunately, the skull was ruined.

After hard hunting for about a week, the dogs took up a fresh scent, and in a short time they treed a small lion which the guide called a "kitten," because it was not full grown. The branches of the tree were quite close together and near the ground. One of the dogs managed to climb a considerable way up the tree by the aid of the easy support

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the branches afforded, and was in some peril. The report of my rifle helped to swell the chorus of the dogs, which only abated when their jaws were employed to a better purpose on the struggling "kitten." The poor beast which had climbed the tree remained a disappointed spectator of the fight, being unable to take part. Afterward I helped him down from his ridiculous although somewhat dangerous position.

On a number of occasions the dogs have climbed trees for a considerable distance above the ground. The piñon trees, where the lions frequently take refuge, are supplied with branches which begin to sprout near the base, rendering the feat easier of accomplishment, but nevertheless it is a remarkable sight to see a dog up a tree, sometimes furnishing an unwilling subject for a camera. Any one wishing to obtain some impression of how a dog would look in such an attitude can have his curiosity satisfied by examining the photo-



HITTING THE TRAIL.

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graphs of wild animals in Mr. Wallihan's remarkable book, where snap-shots were taken of some of the dogs which were in the pack I hunted with.

We had barely skinned the "kitten," when at some distance we heard the pack baying another animal. We rode as rapidly as possible in the direction we heard the noise. We soon arrived at the edge of the valley, which lay some five or six hundred feet below. The baying broke upon our hearing with great distinctness. The country beneath was free from big timber, being dotted profusely with piñon trees and smaller growth, with here and there great pillars of red sandstone fashioned into mushroom shapes by the erosion of the elements through countless ages. In the clear, bright sunshine every object stood out with great distinctness, producing a curious and beautiful effect.

It was an attractive sight to watch the pack as it swiftly coursed about in the valley. It

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finally disappeared around the base of the mountain. We took a short cut across the spur of the mountain and soon caught the steady baying of the dogs, and I knew that something was treed or cornered. On the side of a steep slope, which extended hundreds of feet down to the valley, stood a piñon tree with a fine, large lion perched in its branches—a more beautiful pose for a photograph I could hardly imagine. The light was good and the surroundings all that could be desired to produce the proper effect. The guide suggested a doubt in regard to the lion's remaining in his present position very long, and that one of us should cover him with a rifle while the other used the camera. My love of sport is not so platonic that I could readily forego the deadly part of the pastime for the æsthetic. So I held the rifle carefully pointed at a vital spot, and after a little space the animal quivered, as though just about in the act of taking a spring out of the tree, which, had he effected,

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would have sent him down the slope at a speed that would have distanced the dogs; once at large in the rough country which spread through the valley, he would have given us another long and fatiguing chase, with a good chance of losing him. Before the trembling limbs could launch into space a bullet pierced his heart and he tumbled from his perch and rolled nearly a hundred feet down the mountain side, where his further descent was arrested by the dogs in no gentle fashion. The struggle with the lion was brief. The guide and myself had more of a struggle with the dogs in driving them away from the carcass.

I was disappointed to learn that the guide had not succeeded in getting a photo. If I could have had a snap-shot with the camera at the lion close by, while in the act of springing, with satisfactory results, I would have had something of more value than the animal's skin.

I added a few more trophies to my collec-

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tion before finishing my hunt for that season. My experience, however, had convinced me that the best reminiscences of a hunting trip are good photographs of wild animals in their natural state. The ease with which trophies can often be secured, so far as the question of skill is concerned, has somewhat taken the keen edge off of my desire to kill. Securing a good trophy is quite as often a question of time and patience as skill. Coolness is also required, for frequently easy shots are missed through being over anxious.

DUCK SHOOTING IN CALCASIEU PARISH.

A FEW years ago, before a great industry had been developed in the vicinity of Sulphur City, La., the natural conditions in that locality were favorable to the increase of migratory game. The ground was low and marshy, but generally quite flat; forests of resinous pine spread over a considerable portion of the country. In some places the trees grew to immense size, their massive trunks ascending for seventy-five or eighty feet without a branch. The soil in such localities being free from underbrush and covered with thick layers of pine needles, yielded pleasantly under the step like a soft plush carpet. Currents of air caressing the treetops imparted the sound of the surf beating the shore at a distance. Stretches

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of open prairie covered with tall grass furnished feeding spots for large flocks of ducks and geese. When the attention was not too much absorbed with larger game, one might frequently hear the jacksnipe emit its peculiar whistle as it shaped a zigzag course in its flight. Other game was in less abundance.

I engaged an old "red bone" to act as my guide. Legrand—the name by which I will introduce the new acquaintance—was really a Creole, but was said to have a cross of Indian blood, just enough to enable him to detect signs which escape the common eye. A faithful, quiet, uncomplaining man, but an excellent hunter according to his lights, Legrand had no liking for the new-fangled notions of modern sportsmen. He could crawl through the brush or long grass with all the stealthiness of a cat, every sense alert, and in spite of wet, cold or any kind of discomfort would doggedly stick to his task until his game was secured. To this old-

DUCK SHOOTING IN CALCASIEU PARISH

fashioned hunter every cartridge must represent something. He was not satisfied with "punching holes in the air." A story is told of Legrand upon which I would not care to stake my reputation for veracity, although somewhat characteristic of the man.

A ranchman living in that locality noticed a small bunch of teal that were in the habit of using in a pond not far from his dwelling. He requested Legrand to try his luck with them the next morning, when they could be easily found. Legrand, however, was short of ammunition, so the ranchman gave him a shell which he jokingly remarked was enough for a good shot, and he expected him to come back with the whole bunch, numbering six. On the ensuing day Legrand departed before sunrise, but returned to breakfast empty handed. "No ducks, Legrand?" He shook his head; "No ducks." The next morning the result was the same. "No ducks, Legrand?" "No ducks."

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The third morning a shot was heard. Legrand returned with three beautiful blue-winged teal hanging from each shoulder.

"Legrand, how did you manage to have so much luck all of a sudden, when you were not able to get anything the two preceding mornings?"

"To-day," he replied, "was the first time I could get them lined up so that I could bag them all at one shot."

It was my good fortune to make another interesting acquaintance in a somewhat singular way. One afternoon, when shooting on the edge of a marsh close by the house where I was sojourning, I became conscious of someone near at hand. Turning around I discovered an elderly man of dignified bearing, whose round ruddy face, ornamented with a long white flowing beard, rested upon broad shoulders and sturdy frame. The expression of his countenance was mild and kindly, possessing a reflective cast, which was

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somewhat accentuated by a habit of slowly stroking his beard. Much impressed, I regarded him with a feeling of reverence. Had I been present at a revival meeting, the pose and genial appearance would have suited the occasion, silence having been secured by the exhortation, "Let us pray." I broke the magic spell by politely asking the new arrival whether he was a sportsman and fond of shooting. "Can I shoot? By ——" (a blue streak a yard long imparted all necessary emphasis). "Young man, before my eyes went back on me, old Uncle Dave could hit any living creature."

After a brief conversation my new acquaintance cordially invited me to visit him, and also extended the privilege of occupying his lodge at a place called Sabine Pass, about twenty miles away. This is not the noted Sabine Pass in Texas, but merely a local name. All reports seemed to confirm the reputation of Sabine Pass, so I concluded to

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fit out an expedition. I chartered a prairie schooner and secured two horses which the guide said he could get for nothing. I was willing, however, to pay for what I got, but was put off with some dignity. The old saying, "Never look a gift horse in the mouth" seems somewhat in point, so I will be sparing of comments. It was a very safe team, but not much at annihilating space. A young man was engaged as cook. There was no other addition to the party, save an old one-eyed dog.

A long, wearisome day's travel brought us to a sheet of water which surrounded the lodge. This resulted from the great quantity of moisture that had accumulated from heavy rainfalls. The cook rode ahead, exploring the way. The team tremulously negotiated the pass, but were soon in difficulties. One of them falling down in about four feet of water energetically strove to rise. Legrand, jumping into the icy water, began to fix the

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harness, which was no easy task. It was too dark to do anything, so the horses were uncoupled from the schooner and driven ashore. I mounted one horse behind the cook. The animal became refractory and varied the monotonous experience of the day by bucking for a brief space. Finally the shipwrecked crew were able to leave the schooner in safety, with a few things absolutely necessary, but by no means with all that were desired.

The bright glow of a fire in the open hearth of the lodge dispelled the gloom and discomfort of our surroundings, but Legrand was chilled to the bone and looked peaked and miserable. My sympathy was excited, and I prescribed a liberal dose from my flask which immediately revived him. Fortunately we had taken the precaution to cover the contents of the wagon, which otherwise would have suffered on account of the rain that fell during the night. Our meagre re-

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past finished, it was not a great while before one after another dozed off into fitful slumber. One blanket covered the forms of three men, and in place of under bedding and spring mattress we had the board floor. The steady pour of the rain resounded continually upon the roof, while the snap of the pine fagots mingled with the hiss of drops of water falling on the burning embers. It is not easy for three persons to sleep under one blanket resting upon a hard surface. The disposition to change position became a fixed habit with all three, but invariably the one who attempted it met with unreasonable objections and muttered protests from the other two. If one turned over all three had to follow suit. It seemed to be a case where the minority ruled, while the majority swore at the minority. The one-eyed dog, becoming restless from the cold when the fire went out, repeatedly attempted to find a place for himself under the blanket, but discovered that a

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triple alliance had been formed to eliminate him completely. Finally he offered to compromise by lying down on the outside of the blanket above our prostrate forms, but this accommodation was likewise unfeelingly rejected. During that awful night every man's hand appeared to be against his neighbor and all three united against the dog.

I was at length awakened from a semi-conscious condition by Legrand, who was about to light a fire.

"What is the matter, Legrand?" I inquired. "Are you getting cold?"

"It's time to get up."

"What time is it?"

"About 4 o'clock."

How he knew I could not guess, but I was only too ready to accept any excuse that would rescue me from almost the worst night I ever experienced. It was pitch dark, but the rain had ceased, and the noise of game stirring outside betokened the coming dawn.

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A dense fog hung over the prairie and when light began to make an impression it was like illuminating an opaque substance. It was impossible to distinguish anything over six yards away. Having removed everything from the schooner the problem of dragging it to dry land did not concern us.

The growing day was heralded by a perfect Babel of voices. Invisible flocks of ducks numbering thousands frequently stirred the air with the rapid movements of their wings, which sounded like an express train. The measured honk of wild geese gave evidence of their presence in no beggarly numbers. At intervals the brant in the long sour bog grass invited an easy shot. When matters were straightened out no time was lost in starting out for feathered game.

The hunt began as soon as we stepped outdoors. Small bunches of ducks were passed by unnoticed. Legrand did not believe in wasting ammunition; I only had five hundred

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shells. Presently we heard the calling of a large number of brant. That interested Legrand. The fog had lifted somewhat, but still rendered objects indistinct unless they were close at hand. I imitated Legrand in all his movements; first the quiet, cautious approach, gradually bending, until finally we were crawling on our stomachs through the grass and mud. We were already quite near the brant and I was becoming apprehensive lest we should delay too long. A large flock of teal unexpectedly attracted my attention on the left side and I motioned to Legrand. He shook his head, but I signified that I was satisfied to try my luck with them. Legrand disapproved but yielded to my suggestion, except that he drew a bead on the brant. The report of four barrels seemed almost muffled in the uproar caused by great flocks of birds rising in every direction, churning the air with their wings and filling space with a discordant conglomeration of sounds from

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every species of web-footed fowl on the prairie. When the gray mist had swallowed the black mass, a pleasant sight welcomed our eyes. The ground was plentifully covered with limp forms, a handsome tribute to the prowess of our guns. The beam of joy on Legrand's weatherbeaten face satisfied me that so far we had not been unduly wasteful of ammunition. Fearing lest there might be some lingering doubt in his mind on the subject, I sought to console him with the reflection that I still had four hundred and ninety-six shells left.

No time was lost in collecting the game. I stuffed the big pockets of my hunting coat with teal and brant. Legrand fastened them to the fringes of his jacket until he was almost covered with the dark bodies of brant and the beautifully colored teal. I warned Legrand to kill every bird he gathered, but he was careless in carrying out my suggestion. On the way back to the lodge I heard

DUCK SHOOTING IN CALCASIEU PARISH

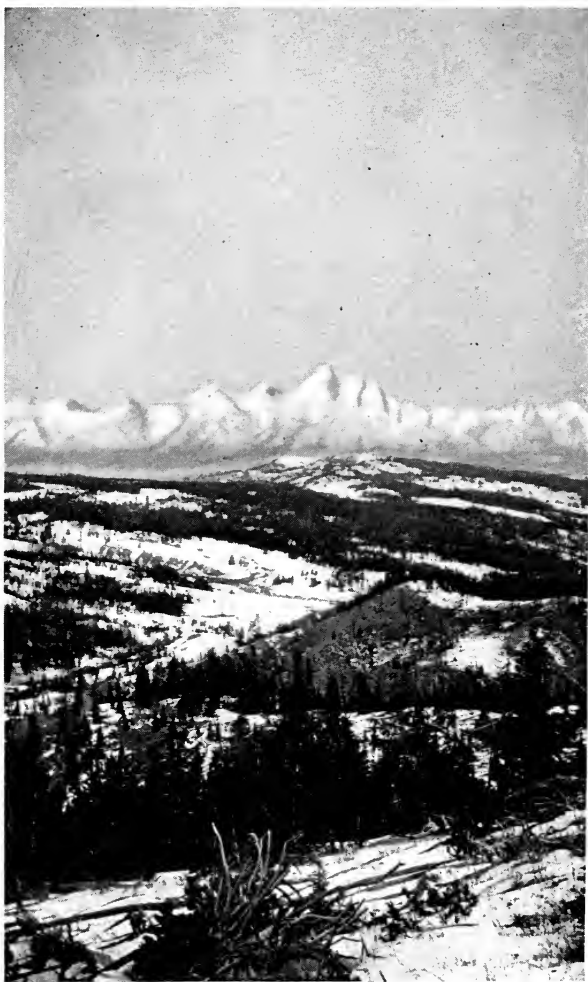
behind me a flutter of wings and several quacks and caught a glimpse of a duck disappearing in the fog. Legrand was standing in a state of stupefaction, staring in the direction the duck had flown. I could not help laughing. Needless to say he made sure of the rest.

Surfeited with abundance of game, the pastime soon palled on me. After several days' sport I was ready to return to more comfortable quarters where the shooting was productive of smaller results, but more to my taste. Jacksnipe, which were quite plentiful, furnished an opportunity for skillful marksmanship, but the high standard of economy in using ammunition established for me by Legrand was shamefully lowered. Jacksnipe did not swarm before the muzzle of my gun, nor was one bagged in every shot. This kind of shooting is excellent for training the eye, and no sportsman need be chagrined at an occasional miss.

AN OUTING AT TWO-OCEAN PASS

“**R**OUGHING IT” is an expression which we have long associated with various hardships undergone for the sake of sport. But modern enterprise has made that phrase a misnomer when taken in the sense in which it was formerly understood. A number of years’ experience in camping out and hunting in the West have convinced me that every reasonable comfort can be enjoyed without sacrificing the principal object which lies nearest the heart of a thorough sportsman—good hunting.

The last outing I had in the West, was in Wyoming, in the Jackson Hole country, and I realized then how thoroughly a guide, who enjoys the comforts of life himself and has the real love of sport, can contribute to the success of a hunting trip. A guide who likes



THE TETON RANGE.

OUTING AT TWO-OCEAN PASS

to make himself comfortable will generally think of what is necessary for the comfort of those who engage his services.

Early in October I started out from St. Anthony, Idaho, with my guide, Ed. Sheffield, on one of the most pleasurable and successful hunts I have undertaken. A couple of days' drive and we reached Shives' ranch, at which place we made up the pack outfit. A short rest at this spot while things were being got in readiness was very pleasant, as it gave me a chance to stretch my limbs and to admire the grand perspective, which no words can describe in a way that would bring the natural picture to the eye. The Teton peaks, covered with perpetual snow and dazzling bright, furnished an attraction which never palled on the mind, and they were ever visible from the plain but tidy ranch. Flocks of ducks frequented the ice cold stream near by.

The horses having been corralled during the day's wait, everything was arranged for

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the morning start. The next day I rose bright and early to commence the final stage of the journey. When the last pack had been "cinched" and everything was in readiness, we began our journey to the hunting grounds. It was a long, monotonous ride—much of it through thick timber with no stop for lunch or rest, because the heavily laden beasts could not lie down with their packs on, and we did not care to delay them. At length, after crossing a rocky ravine and a swift-running stream and climbing a steep ascent, we arrived at Two-Ocean Pass. There we found an ideal spot to camp. In a short time everything was unpacked, and the two tents were pitched. The tired beasts that had borne the brunt of the work tumbled over and rubbed their backs in the dust and snorted with delight.

The next morning I started out on horseback with Sheffield, while the ranchman, Shives, whom I had engaged as cook and

OUTING AT TWO-OCEAN PASS

general helper, remained behind and minded camp. We took with us several dogs, because they might be useful in rounding up lions or "cats," as they frequently call the cougar or wildcats in that section. The day passed without result, except that I lost my Seitz spy-glasses, which hung on the pommel of my saddle by a leather strap; this had evidently caught on something and snapped. When the guide heard of the loss, he exclaimed with great confidence, "We must find them tomorrow." I was somewhat inclined to be skeptical about his being able to recover the lost property, but I assented to his going out with a little dog he called Maiden, a cross of a black-and-tan foxhound and a bloodhound, as intelligent an animal as I ever saw. He came back in a few hours with the glasses, and I was curious to learn how he managed to discover them. While following our trail of the day before, he had stopped to call the dog, which had fallen behind and stood yelp-

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ing at something which he had passed; upon going to the spot, he found the glasses. They were not immediately in the line of the trail, but had rolled down hill and were some dozen feet away from it. I wonder if that dog had overheard our previous conversation and knew what we wanted!

Although for a couple of weeks the weather had been cool and exhilarating, often freezing at night, still we had as yet no snow. Snow was wanted, because it makes the hunting good, and when traveling the impress of the foot is practically noiseless, and does not alarm the game. Moreover, when the snow accumulates in deep drifts it drives the elk and deer out of the higher elevations down into the lower country, where they collect in large numbers and become less shy.

One evening on the way back to camp the guide was explaining to me why he thought that we would be apt to find bull elk with the best heads separated from the bunch of cow

OUTING AT TWO-OCEAN PASS

elk. The old bulls, it would seem, after a time are driven off by the younger bulls, which in turn take charge of the herds of cow elk. The conversation was suddenly interrupted, for on a knoll about 300 yards distant, we saw two fine bulls all by themselves. To dismount and take aim with my Mauser after gauging the space, was a matter of a few seconds. The furthest of the two bulls was a stately monarch, and he had a set of antlers which tempted me as much as a crown could have tempted Cæsar. The first shot fortunately took effect behind the shoulders and made him sag on his knœes, but he immediately recovered and started to run. The next shot was over him, and, before I could fire again, the other bull ran in between and blanketed him, receiving the ball. They stood for several seconds in that position, while two more messengers of death sang a doleful dirge on their errand of destruction, and they disappeared over the hill.

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The atmosphere in that country is naturally blue; but there was a tinge of blueness in the air at that time which I am sure was not natural. Sheffield said he was not the cause of it, and I know that I was not to blame. I have heard of somebody swearing until the air became blue, but this does not seem to be one of those cases.

However, we were both convinced that the first bull was hit twice at least, and more than likely would not go a great ways. It was inexpedient to follow him up at that time, because he was still fresh and strong. It seemed best to go back to camp and come out the next day and track him, because he would be likely to run only a short distance, and lying down to rest, would become stiff, and incapable of running, in which case he could be found in the morning. On the other hand, if pursued, he might continue to run while his strength held.

With anxious hearts we returned to camp,

OUTING AT TWO-OCEAN PASS

noting with apprehension the lowering clouds that were beginning to darken the sky. The indications of a storm which would cover the ground with snow were not welcome now, as much as I had desired it previously. Fresh snow would conceal the tracks and destroy the scent on the ground. If that should happen, I had small expectation of securing my trophy. The next morning the guide looked into my tent, and said that everything was covered with snow. I immediately went out to see for myself. There, sure enough, it lay several inches deep. It covered the trees, bending the branches under their weight and transforming, as if by magic, the rugged landscape into a fairyland. It was beautiful—but it was disappointing.

After breakfast we set out, taking one of the dogs with us. When we reached the spot where the elk had been shot the keen-scented dog began to sniff the tops of the sage brush which stood about two feet high. We fol-

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lowed him as he confidently pursued his way through the sage brush and timber, until finally, ascending a small knoll, I espied, just over the crest, the tops of the antlers spread out like the branches of a tree. The elk was stretched out in beautiful repose, his neck supported against a fallen tree, which held up his antlers.

At last my trophy was won, and I had something to show to admiring friends.

For the present the keen edge was taken off my desire to kill, because I had something to take back as a memento of the trip. A fine trophy serves to identify most appropriately a hunting experience, and as the years roll by the memories of certain camps cluster about each head and revive thrilling scenes which might otherwise become dimmed amid an uncongenial environment.

A considerable portion of my remaining time I spent in easy life in camp. The meat was a welcome addition to the larder and

OUTING AT TWO-OCEAN PASS

was much appreciated by the dogs. When first killed, the flesh of the bull elk is not particularly toothsome; it should be allowed to hang for a time until it becomes tender.

It was an entertaining sight to see the dogs catch the large hunks of meat flung to them, which they often swallowed without masticating it, unless one or two bites could be exaggerated into an act of mastication. When hunger was appeased to the extent of a surfeit, the cunning animals would still continue to accept gifts of raw meat, which they would carefully cache in some favorite spot. Each dog knew where he had cached his own supplies, and expected every other dog to respect it. Occasional disputes arose among them, but—though with a bad grace—the dog with a guilty conscience generally yielded when detected in the act of violating the law which holds a cache sacred among dogs as among men.

There are certain very simple and rudi-

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mentary laws which the primitive life develops. The rule that the cache shall remain inviolate is well known. The absence of adequate protection for a cache beyond its secrecy, which is not always sufficient, makes it a point of honor among the rough denizens of the wilderness to respect property so deposited. In a primitive state of society, when recourse to such means of providing for emergency were more frequent, the frontier man was likely to regard as worthy of death any one who violated this law.

When I read of the ruthless slaughter which has been wrought among the elk, especially by the detestable tooth-hunter, I recall, with some degree of satisfaction, the forbearance which I exercised upon various occasions. One evening, while returning to camp, I saw in the waning light, about the space of three hundred and fifty yards removed from where I stood, three bull elk standing on the side of a hill, their forms fairly well defined

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against the white background which the snow afforded. The antlers were less distinct on account of the deadening effect of some spruce trees, whose branches reached below the spread of the antlers. I wanted another trophy, but was uncertain about the quality of any one of the heads in sight. Although I watched the bulls for some time, while they remained practically without motion, I was unable to make sure that there was a really first-class head in the bunch. I finally gave them the benefit of the doubt. If I made a mistake, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I erred on the right side.

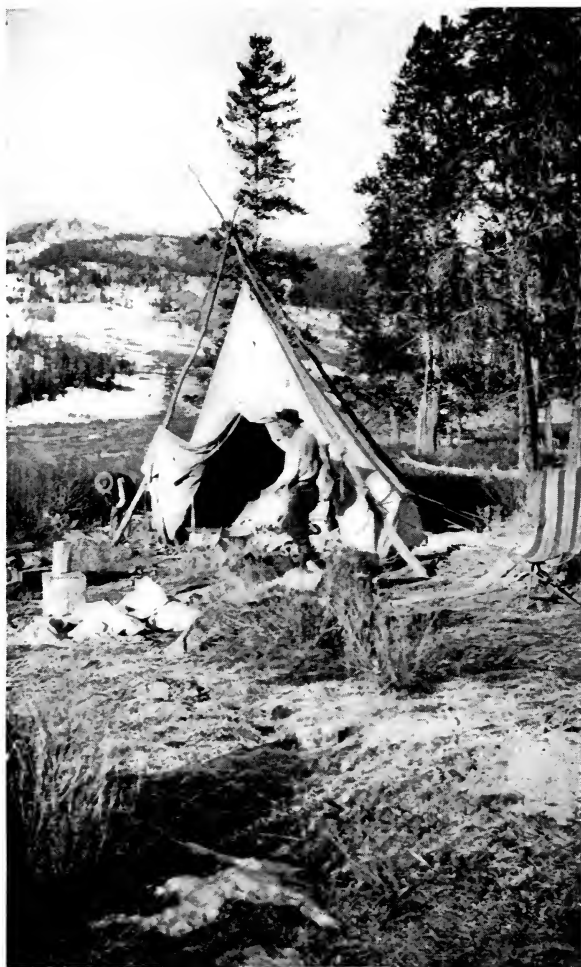
The time arrived for breaking up camp. When the horses were packed, the guide and myself separated from the rest of the outfit, in order to secure better hunting. We had not traveled far, when one of the dogs stopped and growled. We both reined up, while I dismounted and approached the edge of a clearing just ahead. Across the clearing some

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eighty or ninety yards distant I saw a brown body disappearing amid the spruces. Aiming at the spot where the shoulder should be, concealed by the forest growth, a trifle in advance of the brown, which I recognized as the belly of the elk, I fired. Stunned by the bullet, the animal broke into another opening, when I emptied my magazine, which contained several additional cartridges. Fortunately the animal turned out to be a bull elk with a fairly good spread. I should not have taken the chance except that my hunting for this season was practically over, and I had not shot my full allowance. Having dressed the animal so as to keep its meat from spoiling, we left everything and followed the outfit. Shives was sent back with a pack horse to get the meat and the antlers.

At the Shives ranch a hearty welcome was given us. Mrs. Shives proved herself an admirable hostess. I shall never forget the repast specially prepared for us by which she





BREAKING CAMP.

OUTING AT TWO-OCEAN PASS

proved herself an accomplished cook. One dish I approached with misgiving, for I could not guess what it was. I discovered in it a culinary gem which in my judgment will hold its own with anything ever prepared by the most accomplished chef to please a capricious palate—elk's brain scrambled in eggs. My cup of happiness was filled to the brim, but the guide caused it to run over when he presented me with a pair of untanned cow skin shaps marked with red and white spots, which he wore when dressed up to have his picture taken in correct style.

CAMP LIFE NEAR THE TETONS

ONE of the most picturesque sections of our country lies in the valleys and depressions formed by the Gallatin River where it winds its way among the rugged mountains of Montana. Sometimes the river steals noiselessly through level spots, forming great pools of clear greenish water, where the big rainbow trout love to bask in the sunshine which the gamy fish love for its brightness more than its warmth. Frequently the stream challenges the obstructions of masses of rock, forcing its way with angry murmurs to its destination. Amid such scenes I fell into repose, while sitting near a large camp-fire, yielding to the heaviness due to a hearty meal and a long day's travel on horseback.

I do not remember how I managed to make up my rustic bed, or whether I had

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anything to do with it at all. I simply recall the quiet scenes around the camp-fire, the ruddy faces of my companions as they caught the glow from the burning fagots and the wild scene which surrounded us. I entered dreamland in the same way everyone else does. The unreal realm of fancy I accepted as a matter of course, but when the chill of a cold autumn night gradually revived me to consciousness and the sullen gloom of the silent forest, only broken by a murmuring stream nearby, had succeeded the cheerful camp-fire, I returned to the world of reality with a feeling of strangeness and wonder. I rubbed my eyes to make sure if I was really awake, and lay watching the stars shining brightly overhead. The beauty of the night, however, was not sufficient to keep me awake, and when I had finished my night's rest it was broad daylight, and my two companions, Jake and Aleck, were already astir. Aleck was the cook and general handy man about camp.

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Jake acted as guide and horse wrangler. These men could take a turn at helping each other, but each had his special work cut out for him. In packing and pitching tents they were mutually helpful. Whenever things went wrong and descriptive language was required to soothe irritated feelings, their common desire to aid each other developed into a generous rivalry. Aleck was busy getting breakfast ready, but the other man was not in sight.

"Where is Jake?" I asked.

"Gone after the horses," Aleck answered

"Do you suppose they are gone far?"

"Oh, maybe a mile, maybe fifteen," was the enlightening response.

When camping out in the Western country horses are an uncertain quantity. They are apt to wander over a considerable space in search of good pasturage, which is not easy to find on account of the extreme dryness of the soil and the difficulty of any vegetation

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thriving which cannot shoot its roots deep into the earth. Fortunately Jake soon appeared with the stock.

"We will have the tents up so that you can be comfortable to-night," he remarked with a look as though he were conveying a most welcome piece of intelligence, for we had been sleeping out in the open for several nights.

With the air of one who despised all such things as enervating luxuries, I replied: "Let that go to some other time; we want to get an early start after something."

"It won't take long to put up the tents and then Aleck can get everything else to rights while we are hunting," Jake replied.

I ate a substantial breakfast, and after finishing that meal I ate a substantial lunch before starting. Needless to say, I felt in no condition for vigorous exercise which I would be compelled to take when our course led over ascents too steep to take on horse-

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back. About lunch time, however, my capricious and unreasoning stomach, like some people who are mere slaves of custom and routine, demanded a square meal, which was not to be had.

Two dogs, which served more as sociable companions about camp than in any other capacity, accompanied us. One of the dogs was a large-sized bull-terrier, rather old and at times inclined to be cross. This animal answered to the name of Major. Major had a peculiar trait, which it is hard to account for. In the evening, when the cook pulled out his harmonicon and began to perform on it, Major would stick his nose straight up in the air and emit the most doleful and lugubrious wail I ever listened to.

The other dog was a fox-terrier, named Jack, like most of his species, a very animated little creature, always ready for a scrap. This disposition was a source of annoyance at times, because Jack had a strong prejudice

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against porcupines, and on several occasions I have had to sit on the ground and help pull the quills out of his hide after one of these encounters.

As I was leisurely riding along some distance behind the guide I saw him stop on a slight elevation somewhat in advance, and at the same time I heard the dogs barking very savagely. Jake made a sign to me to hurry up. When I arrived at the spot I saw a couple of coyotes not more than forty yards away yelping and tantalizing the dogs. I dismounted, after pulling my rifle out of its scabbard, and brought it carelessly to my shoulder. Jake in the meantime had unsheathed his knife ready to strip the hides.

I fired, and, much to my surprise, both of the coyotes vanished with startling suddenness. I had evidently missed, probably overshooting. I think it was about the worst shot I ever made, and I never could understand it. A sportsman will once in a while

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flinch through some muscular contraction which it is hard to account for. The thick sage brush and intervening hills made a second shot practically hopeless. Jake seemed overcome with emotion, quite as much as myself. For once his eloquent tongue failed him; the words appeared to stick in his throat. His wide open eyes and his distended jaws, which seemed to be pried open with a quid of tobacco in one corner of his mouth, betrayed his astonishment. In silence we remounted and rode a considerable space without speaking a word.

Finally Jake opened the conversation with all the tact of an accomplished diplomat.

Turning in his saddle and looking intently at me he exclaimed: "Say, do you know what I would do if I missed a shot like that?"

"No," I replied.

"I would take that gun and smash it over the first rock I came across."

I quite agreed with him that it was the

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fault of the gun, but, strange to say, I did not take his advice. I still have the weapon and I can recall some of its achievements, which are not wholly discreditable.

Several days passed quite uneventfully except for a rather novel experience. While sitting around the camp-fire one evening our attention was attracted by the noise of some animal breaking through the undergrowth. The sound of cracking branches and pattering hoofs seemed to approach closer.

"That's one of the horses, and he seems inclined to be sociable," said Jake as he leaned over to lay hold of a good-sized stick to cast at him.

The animal presently appeared, coming straight to the camp-fire, but when fairly revealed by the light the horse we were about to drive unceremoniously away developed a splendid set of antlers. We were confronted by a black-tailed deer which had been attracted by the strange fascination of the

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blaze to within several paces, where he stood perfectly still. No one moved nor uttered a word for a considerable space for fear of alarming our timid guest. It was a charming sight to watch the graceful and shapely form of the deer, his head crowned with a perfectly balanced set of antlers, the wide open eyes staring in bewilderment at three rough looking men sitting around the fire like petrified images. The deer held his position for some thirty seconds rigid and immovable, except the swelling of his sides in breathing, while the glowing embers brought out in distinct view every line and muscle of the body against the dark background of the forest.

He posed like a beautiful statue with all the advantage of picturesque and weird surroundings to set off his perfect figure.

What a chance for a photographer to take a snapshot of the group with a flashlight. Sad to relate, the only impression I could

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take away with me was that which was photographed upon my mind. In place of a photograph to show to my friends I am compelled to relate the bare circumstance with but limited power to portray the scene in words; the imagination of the reader must do the rest.

How long the tableau would have lasted I cannot say, if I had not pulled the curtain, so to speak, by attempting to reach out and get my rifle, which was nearby. I knew it was a desperate chance, but I was extremely anxious to secure the head of our handsome guest.

Hardly had I attempted to move my hand in the direction of the rifle, although very slowly, than the watchful eyes seemed to become conscious of something wrong, and the spell was broken. With a single leap the deer cleared the lighted space and was lost in the darkness of the forest.

It is a well known fact that wild animals

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and birds are stupefied at the appearance of artificial light. Birds are often attracted by it, while animals, dazed by the strangeness of the sight and the glare, seem to lose at times all power of motion. Whether it is because of curiosity or on account of the judgment becoming paralyzed through excessive fear, artificial light of great intensity seems to deprive a wild animal of his usual cunning and alertness. Wildfowl, such as ducks and geese, are notably affected in the same way. "Firelighting," which it is well known, involves the destruction of so many thousands of game birds every year, fairly illustrates and proves the foregoing statement. Insects seem strangely attracted by artificial lights and frequently pay for their temerity with their lives. What impression artificial light makes upon wild animals it is hard to state. Sportsmen know how easily a deer can be taken at a disadvantage by "jacking," but this does not account for one

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entering the lighted circle of a camp-fire. Instances of wild animals being approached when stupefied by the presence of artificial light are plentiful, but I have never known before of any animal actually invading a camp and standing in front of the fire.

When we had exhausted comment upon the unusual incident, which was the absorbing theme for conversation for the balance of the evening, a good night's sleep came as relaxation from the exercise of the day.

The morning broke bright and clear and quite cold. Breakfast was soon bolted down. An abomination which Aleck called a pancake was the principal article of our repast. This dish compensated by its size and quantity for what it lacked in other respects. Even Jake, whose digestion might excite the envy of an ostrich, hesitated before tackling a second one. Aleck, seeing his uncertain look, asked him whether he would have another pancake.

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"Only a small piece about the size of your foot," Jake replied.

Having saddled the horses the guide took a course which led along a rocky defile for a considerable distance. While looking up at the red sandstone cliffs, which overhung us, and admiring the contrast their rugged outlines furnished against the clear blue of the sky, I saw a large bald-headed eagle perched upon a commanding eminence. His figure was sharply defined in the clear atmosphere, and although I knew he was quite a distance off, I was somewhat surprised when the guide computed the range at 300 yards at least. I reined up my horse and threw the lines over his head. As Jake saw me alight to take aim, a sort of weary expression came over his face. He was evidently thinking of the coyotes. After carefully sighting the bird and gauging the range according to the estimate I had received, I fired. For several seconds the wings fluttered, as the



A GLIMPSE OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCENERY.



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eagle strove to balance himself on his perch, and then he collapsed in a lifeless mass, a few feet below.

Having watched the lifeless shape a few seconds, I reloaded the rifle without betraying any signs of emotion or uttering a word. Although my eyes were turned in a different direction, I felt conscious of a penetrating gaze which seemed to go through me like an X-ray and read my inmost thought. Turning to mount my horse, I met the wide-open eyes of Jake staring at me in astonishment. Neither of us said a word for some time, but Jake was thinking, wondering whether it was an accident or a fair exhibition of my skill. The only data he had to work on in drawing his conclusions was the previous bad marksmanship in shooting at the coyotes, and the telling recent shot at the eagle, which I seemed to regard as a matter of course, but I acted the same way when I missed the coyotes.

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Jake displayed the same resourcefulness that a curious woman will sometimes exercise upon receiving a letter: first she looks at the post-mark, then at the handwriting of the address and, after exhausting all the pros and cons to determine what the contents of the letter are, finally strikes upon a happy idea—she opens the letter and reads it. After Jake had thoroughly turned the incident over in his mind he finally remarked, in a tone pitched between an exclamation and an interrogation point: “I guess you were surprised when you fetched that bird down?” My presence of mind did not leave me; I gave Jake good advice about marksmanship and shooting in general. He thanked me and said he hoped I would give him some points about guiding and outfitting, as he was trying to learn the business.

Game being rather scarce in this section we concluded to move camp and try our luck in the Jackson's Hole country. For a short

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time I made headquarters near a ranch on Jackson's Lake. This body of water is situated quite close to the Grand Tetons, which tower thousands of feet above its surface. The crest of these great formations, like a mighty arm stretching a curtain over the western sky, receives the rays of the morning sun long before they reach the narrow valley below. It is interesting and beautiful to see the golden light slowly creeping down the slopes of these great mountains, until at last the sun, having climbed well into the sky, suddenly pours its golden flood of light in one immense deluge into the lake. The transition is startling.

The trout in the lake grow to a very large size and are very gamy. There are a few hot springs in this locality which, however, do not affect the temperature of the water, which is very cold the year round. The lake derives its main supply from the melting snows of the surrounding mountains.

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I concluded to enjoy a morning's sport fishing, and for that purpose secured a boat from the ranchman who threw in his services as well. We poled up the outlet, which was a very clear and swift stream. The trout swarmed under the boat at times in great numbers and many of them of considerable size. Flocks of wild ducks and geese, winging their way to their feeding grounds, broke the stillness of the early morning, for it was before daybreak that we started, when the stars were beginning to pale in the sky. The trout made their presence quite noticeable, frequently disturbing the surface of the water, and sometimes a big one would stir up an awful commotion. I soon had a seven-pound trout securely hooked, which I landed as soon as I was able to do so, because I wanted a change of diet.

Although I had been in camp for a couple of weeks I had been unable to get a shot at an elk, and had only seen one making its way

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through the thick timber. The snow had not fallen as yet, and the ground was very dry, which made hunting difficult. It was a welcome sight one morning to look out of my tent and see the ground covered with snow, and it is, moreover, surprising to notice what a difference it makes in hunting. I had not traveled more than two miles from camp on foot when I heard a long, loud whistle—a most pleasing sound. I directed my steps in the direction whence it came, and was rewarded by catching a glimpse of half a dozen elk disappearing through an opening in the timber. They were not going fast, and I do not believe they saw me.

I followed them as quickly and carefully as I could until I came to the edge of a steep descent, and saw the bunch in the valley below. In the herd there was a fine bull who seemed proud of his authority, and occasionally whistled and bugled his challenge to any possible rival disposed to dispute

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his lordship over the cows he had assembled around him, which by this time had considerably increased in numbers. The distance seemed too great to hazard a shot, and I thought I would circle around on the higher elevations to secure a closer range and better position. Although unfrightened, the elk began to move off with a gentle ambling gait which seems slow, but if one tries to keep up with it in a rough mountainous country he will find his energy pretty well taxed. I soon lost sight of the game and stopped partly because I was almost exhausted and also to locate the herd, if it were possible to hear it.

At first I thought I heard the hoof beats on the ground, but presently recognized that it was the action of my heart, which was beating so forcibly that I could distinctly hear it. The high elevation and the vigorous exercise often produce that effect upon one who is not used to the climate. Other sportsmen have had a similar experience. After

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pursuing my course some distance along the side of a steep hill my attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of breaking branches in the spruce nearby. I had not long to wait before a spike-horned elk stepped out in front of me not more than twenty-five or thirty yards off. The large brown eyes were looking straight at me with a mildness and apparent absence of fear, which removed all thought of slaughter from my mind, although at that time I had never killed an elk.

The poor quality of the head as a trophy determined my action. After gazing a few seconds I turned my steps in the direction I thought the herd had taken its course. A long, shrill whistle, ending in a squeal, blended with a bray like a donkey, soon informed me of the whereabouts of the bull I was seeking. Climbing over the crest of the hill I finally caught sight of the old bull in the valley with a bunch of cow elk collected around him, which had increased by this time

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to about twenty-five or thirty. The bull frequently threw his head up, giving vent to his peculiar call, which was answered now and then by several other bulls on the surrounding hills, none of which seemed willing to venture near him. I watched this spectacle for some time, endeavoring to get near enough to obtain a good shot.

Being alone and unaccustomed to the country I was unable to gauge the distance correctly. When finally I stopped at the nearest point I could reach to secure a fair shot (I was using on that occasion a .45-90 Winchester, not one of the modern high-power guns with a flat trajectory), I fired at the bull without effect and saw the whole bunch of cow elk come together in a solid mass and ascend the slope of the neighboring mountain. The cow elk acted as though panic-stricken, all striving to get as near the center of the bunch as possible while ascending the slope and interfering considerably

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with the movements of one another in so doing. The bull remained behind until the cows had gained a considerable start, and then followed them up the mountain. When I examined the distance from the spot where I stood when I fired at the bull to the point where he was located, I found it over 400 yards. Being unaccustomed to gauging distance at that time, I underestimated the range. The atmosphere is so clear that objects obtain a much clearer definition and seem at times nearer than they really are. A mistake in underestimating distance made a greater difference with the old .45-90 than it would with modern high power rifles. I returned to camp burning with a desire to secure a good trophy.

The next day I went out with Jake. We separated, agreeing to meet at a certain place, which, through some misunderstanding, we failed to accomplish. I soon ran upon the tracks of a big bull elk, which led

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directly up the steep side of a mountain. This I climbed for about six hundred feet with some trouble, when I noticed that the tracks had begun to turn and tended downward. I continued to follow them until they brought me again to the foot of the mountain, within about thirty feet of the point where I first started to trace them up. I finally ran across my guide again, and it was not long before his keen eyes picked out an elk at a distance of about two hundred and fifty yards, just visible among some spruce trees. It was a cow elk, and I was indisposed to shoot it, but being reminded of the condition of the larder I concluded to try my luck. The crack of the rifle was followed by the disappearance of the animal in the timber, and I thought I had missed, but was reassured to the contrary, and when I reached the spot where the elk had stood I saw a few traces of blood, which shortly led to a brown form lying among the green spruce trees—

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the elk was stone dead. Standing over Jake, who was engaged in dressing the elk, I asked him if he thought I ought to smash the rifle over a rock. Looking up from his dirty work, besmeared with perspiration and gore, he replied with a grin, "Not when she throws lead like that."

My time was drawing to a close, and although I had abundant opportunities to kill animals with inferior heads, that kind of sport did not satisfy me, and I left them to die a natural death, unless some tooth hunter has cut their existence short.

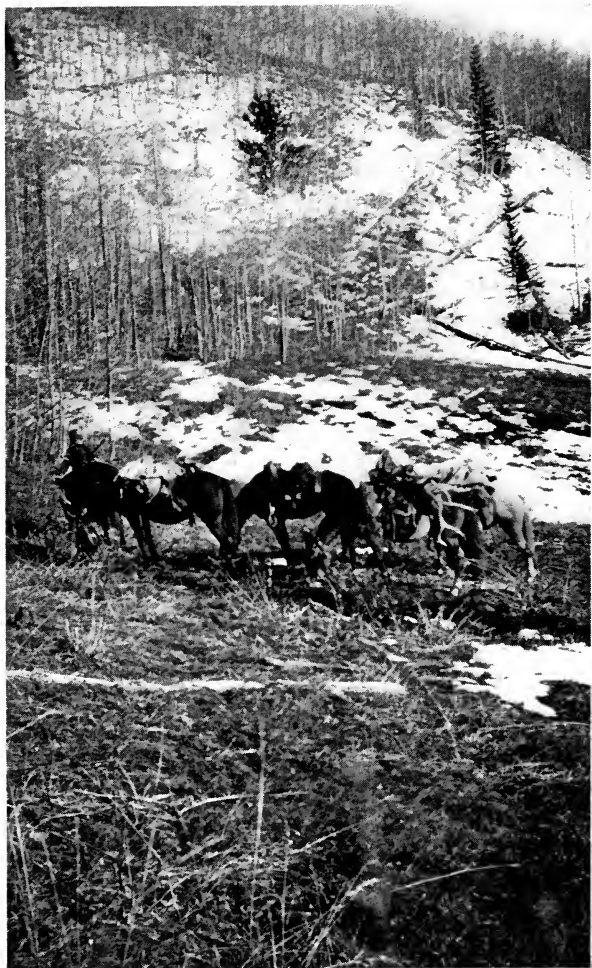
The final day passed without result, and I had to leave for a later period a more successful hunt for trophies.

The last night around the camp-fire Jake made entertaining by relating to me some of his personal experiences. The following story was told me as absolutely true: The guide had struck the trail of a mountain lion, which he followed with his pack of dogs to

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a tree where the trail ended. Naturally he expected to find the lion in the tree. Much to his surprise there was no lion in the tree, and no tracks of a lion leading away from the tree. The only tracks discernible were the tracks of an elk. Finally a bloodhound in the pack started off on the elk tracks. This seemed very strange, because the dogs had been thoroughly broken from following anything except lions and bobcats. The guide tried to call the dog back, but he continued to follow the elk tracks, and the rest of the pack joined in the pursuit. Following the tracks about a quarter of a mile, there appeared in the snow signs of a struggle, and then an impression upon the ground of a large animal which the elk had evidently unseated. The lion's tracks were distinctly visible from this point for a considerable distance, until he took refuge in a pinyon tree.

It was plain that the mountain lion had



PACK HORSES ROUNDED UP FOR THE RETURN.



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jumped upon the back of a passing elk and had stolen a free ride, which he enjoyed until his saddle horse dismounted him. "That shows what a wonderfully intelligent animal a dog is," said Jake; "just to think that they should have reasoned it out that the lion had ridden off on the elk, when I was puzzled myself to find out what had become of him."

"Do you suppose," chimed in Aleck, "that the dogs showed intelligence because they knew more than you did?"

BLOODLESS SPORT

THERE has developed in recent years a sentiment which has declared itself strongly in opposition to taking animal life for the sake of sport. The camera has been recommended as a substitute for the death-dealing firearm. A great many people have discussed this subject without possessing a clear idea of what constitutes real sport.

To obtain a better understanding of the subject we may classify those who hunt for the purpose of destroying wild life under three divisions: sportsmen, market hunters and butchers. The last expression I have employed in a peculiar sense as indicating a very objectionable class in itself. By a process of elimination one may arrive at the true conception of a sportsman after first grasping the meaning of the term market hunter

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and butcher, and then disabusing the mind of both of those conceptions. The term butcher is applicable to whomever engages in the wanton and wasteful destruction of animal life with no idea of utilizing the remains. To the mind of such persons a sportsman's goal is a slaughter pen. The game butcher recognizes no rules, but prides himself on the amount of havoc he can produce in a flock of birds or a herd of wild animals, and speaks with glee of the quantity of game he has destroyed. The market hunter, as the name implies, is out for business. The rules of sport do not interest him; it is merely a question of dollars and cents; he kills when it pays to kill, and tries to make certain every shot, regarding any advantage he can take as perfectly legitimate. The worst qualities of the butcher and the market hunter combine in the person who hunts elk for the purpose of securing the teeth, allowing the antlers and carcass to remain unused. The sins of

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these two classes are indiscriminately laid on the shoulders of the sportsman by people who have a misty idea about real sport.

The desire to kill is instinctive, and, refined under civilizing influences, produces the sportsman. The mere love of killing for the sake of doing so soon palled on people who had any conception of sport. The true theory of sport, whether in playing games or in hunting, necessarily involves the idea of a contest or trial of skill wherein there is a certain element of chance. The rapid destruction of game, consequent upon the easy mastery of nature by man, led in quite early times to the establishment of game preserves and the enactment of laws for the preservation of game. The killing of game developed into a pastime, and rules regulating its enjoyment readily grew out of this method of recreation. In other words it came to be regarded as a sport or game wherein the hunted had rights or privileges which had to be respected the same

BLOODLESS SPORT

as those of a contestant in any other game; the huntsman must exercise his ingenuity and sometimes his daring and endurance against the cunning and desperation of the wild beast. It is obvious from the foregoing explanation that no sportsman countenances killing, except for a purpose, and prefers to give the game a chance to exercise its cleverness and adroitness in making good its escape; if it fails, it has been outwitted. The observance of game laws for the preservation of game find no stronger advocates anywhere than among sportsmen, and it is to their interest to prevent the extermination of wild life, because if that should take place their pastime would be gone.

There are a number of enlightened people, however, who distinctly disapprove of a sportsman's favorite amusement and regard hunting and killing game for recreation as altogether wrong. An examination into this state of feeling with a view of ascertaining

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whether it is based upon a clearly defined reason, or is merely a capricious sentiment, may be instructive. All animal life in one way or another exists or is sacrificed for the benefit of humanity. No one can reasonably combat this assertion. By the very instinct of his being, man assumes to have an unquestioned right to subject the lower order of created life to his use. This assertion of his authority dates from the beginning when the fiat was delivered—"Let him have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the face of the earth!" In what way shall this authority be exercised? Human necessity or convenience alone has determined that question without the brute creation being considered. The beast that is reduced to servitude, and compelled to work the balance of his existence, finds no advocate for his emancipation; no protest is made against the wholesale slaughter of cattle to

BLOODLESS SPORT

supply the meat market. But when the sportsman goes forth to exercise his skill, allowing the hunted prey a chance for its life and freedom, the sentimentalist, who is generally someone who never took pleasure in that form of amusement, throws up his hands and exclaims, "How brutal!" It is easy to discriminate against a practice in which one does not participate. Self-denial, when you deny yourself nothing, is an easy and convenient morality. The brute creation is sacrificed for man's enjoyment, and it is useless to offer capricious objections to a form of sacrifice which pleases another and which does not happen to appeal to one's own idea of pleasure.

There is a great deal of inconsistency displayed by many who deprecate hunting with a rifle or shotgun, as the case may be. Cruelty to animals seems to include birds and quadrupeds, but not fish. I have heard people who are fond of angling expatiate upon the

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wickedness of destroying animal life; yet they saw no harm in catching fish with a light rod and play their quarry for a long time.

The huntsman endeavors to kill his game as soon as possible; he does not prolong its agony for his amusement. No protests are made against fishing as a sport so far as I have observed. The reason for this is not hard to discover. The fish is a cold-blooded creature to whom the heart does not seem to go out in sympathy to any extent; the slimy scales do not invite the contact of the fingers like the warm fur of a deer or the soft down of a duck; there is nothing in its "yellow orbs" to excite sentimental regard; it is not an object one would pet or fondle like a spotted fawn; wanting in qualities which appeal to the fancy, no plea is set up in its behalf. In further evidence of the inconsistency in question I have heard ladies almost melt with emotion while deprecating the destruction of animal life by the sportsman, who

BLOODLESS SPORT

yet seem little affected by the recital of the lingering death agony of the poor creatures caught in traps to furnish the furs which minister to female vanity.

The universal custom of sacrificing animal life in some form or another makes it impossible for one to condemn the sportsman's method of destroying it without the charge of inconsistency. Once concede that the right to take the life of dumb creatures exists, and the individual must decide in what way that right shall be exercised, with the limitations which civilization places upon the exercise of all natural rights.

WESTERN CAMP LIFE

WE read of the big game which once frequented the Western part of the United States in such large numbers; yet in traveling over that section in a Pullman it is surprising that we seldom see any evidence of it. Leaving the line of the railway and settlement, the monotony of the sterile plain covered with sagebrush is unrelieved by signs of animal life, except horses and cattle and occasionally herds of sheep. The old life has passed and the new has hardly developed sufficiently to supply its place.

Here and there may be found spots which excite the ardor of sportsmen, but they are generally inaccessible except through the agency of a competent guide. The great herds of buffalo which once swept over the plains in such vast numbers as to endanger



MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

When the ascent is steep and slippery, one is aided by holding on to a horse's tail.

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the life of the pioneer, have disappeared entirely; the elk have almost vanished and their annual migrations have ceased to be a terror to the ranchman, who fenced in his hay to protect it from the famished herds. Even the smaller game has greatly diminished.

There are yet some localities where primeval conditions still continue to a great extent; of these the most noted is the country south of the Yellowstone National Park. To the providential care of the National Government, in laying out this great preserve, is due the preservation of the principal sport which now remains. Large bands of elk frequent this preserve during the greater part of the year, until the heavy snows drive them down from the higher elevations to obtain pasturage. Other game besides elk may be hunted in the country adjacent to the park, such as sheep, antelope and blacktail deer, besides smaller animals. With a pack

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of well trained dogs it is also possible to hunt with success cougars, bobcats, lynx and sometimes bear. Elk and deer do not, as a rule, frequent the same locality to any extent. If one desires to hunt sheep and goats a still different plan of operation must be adopted, while antelope inhabit a country where neither elk, deer, sheep, nor goats are likely to be found, except by merest accident.

The time when a sportsman could pitch his tent most anywhere and expect the wild animal life of forest and plain to come to him as they came to Adam when he first named them, has long since vanished. To hunt with success one must be thoroughly versed in woodcraft, be possessed of a good knowledge of the habits of game and the localities where they are to be found at different seasons of the year, have a quick eye to pick out a desirable head, and must be a reasonably fair judge of distance, to gauge the proper elevation of a rifle. The happy com-

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bination of these qualities make the skilled hunter; marksmanship, provided it be fair, is the least important of all his qualifications. There are a great many men who are good shots at a stationary target who are bad shots at game; there are men who are good shots at game, who are by no means experts in shooting at a mark. This statement may seem paradoxical but readily admits of explanation. The marksman has his range given him, he takes his time, and is not betrayed into sudden action. Change these conditions and he is out of his element. If his eye is not trained to judge distance in timber or on the plain, he can easily misgauge it, and shooting at a moving object he cannot take his time; the absence of any spot on the animal near the point he is aiming at is another disadvantage to the man of the target. The practiced hunter knows his distance; his keen eye readily distinguishes his quarry, although it may blend with the

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landscape, so that the unpracticed eye might easily overlook it; he is accustomed to take a quick sight and shoot, making proper allowances for the moving object; if a rapid advance is possible and necessary to cut off the game before it can pass a given point for which it is heading, the hunter chooses his course, as if by intuition, and often has a chance to get several more shots where another would fail of his opportunity. The skill of a hunter generally brings him within such proximity of game as to relieve him of the necessity of making an extra difficult shot. It is surprising how seldom the huntsman discharges his rifle compared to one who practices at a target. The man who is fond of target practice will probably use up as many rounds of ammunition in one afternoon shooting at a mark as the average huntsman will consume in an entire year.

A sportsman who is a fair shot, and who goes to a locality where game is fairly plenti-

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ful, has every reason in the world to expect success, provided he is accompanied by a real hunter, such an one as I have above described. It is very important to employ a competent guide if one expects a successful hunt. When I speak of a competent guide I mean a man who is a good hunter and also capable of managing a hunting outfit.

Guides may be divided into three classes:

(1) Ordinary frauds who are watching an opportunity to "work" some "dude," by which name sportsmen are sometimes designated in the slang of the country.

(2) Backwoodsmen who are good hunters and tireless and will supply a sportsman with the best they know how to provide, but being ignorant of the ordinary comforts of civilized life, treat their sportsmen with the same cruel neglect to which they have accustomed themselves.

(3) The man who makes a regular business of acting as a guide, who is a good

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hunter and who also knows how to provide a first-class outfit.

Game has greatly decreased before the advance of civilization and the wanton slaughter which took no thought of the future; the wild life which survives owes its preservation to the almost inaccessible character of the country in which it has taken refuge, and to its own cunning, which of necessity has become very acute.

To know the habitat of game and outwit its wariness requires the skill of the practiced hunter.

We have heard a great deal about roughing it. That phrase as formerly understood must be greatly qualified if the modern sportsman patronizes an up-to-date outfit.

Going to a wild and rather inaccessible country has about it a certain charm of novelty, and part of that charm grows out of the idea of roughing it. Some people have a tendency to greatly exaggerate the ordeals

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through which they pass in order that they may enhance the interest of their experience. This goes with the weakness for overstating the distance and increasing the apparent difficulty of the shots which they make in securing their trophies, in which error they are too frequently sustained by the somewhat elastic conscience of the guide. This is an age of progress, and that phrase applies to methods of enjoying sport quite as well as it does to anything else. Having good sport with comfort in camp life is simply a question of dollars and cents. The average person does not understand the present conditions of sporting life in a wild country.

It must be borne in mind that in traveling in rough sections of the West, where big game still abounds, although in much smaller numbers than formerly, everything has to be carried on pack horses. What you are to take is limited simply by the supply of pack horses you are to engage. In an up-to-date

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outfit the open camp-fire, such a picturesque feature in an illustration, has been supplanted by a plain sheet-iron stove which is placed in the tent, with a few feet of pipe attached to carry off the smoke. If one wants the open fire it of course can be easily supplied, and at first a good many sportsmen desire it on account of the romance and novelty of the experience, but the same pampered tastes, which have forced man from a savage life to adopt the comforts which civilization supplies, will invariably lead to the open camp-fire being abandoned for the commonplace sheet-iron stove—very unromantic but thoroughly practical and useful. The open camp-fire, with the smoke blowing in your eyes from every direction, which gives the sensation of being scorched on one side and frozen on the other, does not appeal to the modern sportsman who disassociates sport from martyrdom.

Folding tables and chairs can be “packed”

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quite easily, and it is much pleasanter to sit in a chair and eat off of a table than to sit on a log trying to make a table of your knees, and occasionally converting your lap into a plate for your spilled victuals. A portable rubber bathtub, if one objects to jumping into cold water, satisfies the desire for cleanliness. With a fire in the stove one can take a bath as easily and comfortably in camp as at home. For thorough cleansing it is best for one to take a bath in a tent in warm water, but I strongly recommend to those who can stand it a plunge in cold water or being soused with a bucket or two every morning before dressing for the day. This stimulates the body and gets the system in fine condition.

For those who find it uncomfortable to sleep on the hard surface of the ground I would recommend a pneumatic mattress. An ample supply of canned stuff insures against the chance of bad cooking, because it requires

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little or no skill to prepare canned provisions, if the other food in camp is not particularly appetizing.

This article is not intended for the experienced hunter who has had plenty of experience of Western hunting; nor is it intended for the man who has his heart set upon roughing it in the sense that he desires to see how much he can go through and survive. A great deal of the advice given to people has been in the opposite direction, namely, to cut out as much as possible from their hunting outfit. I claim that the average person who desires sport with as little hardship as possible, except what is unavoidable, should be very careful about reducing his outfit too much. Most sportsmen are accustomed to the ordinary comforts and conveniences of life. It is perfect folly for such people to attempt in a short time to harden themselves to the frontier life so they may endure its hardships with the



VIEW FROM MT. LEIDY.

WESTERN CAMP LIFE

same indifference as the hunter or trapper who lives that way all the time. I have run across sportsmen who have had their hunting trips spoiled by attempting to rough it too much. If you are accustomed to living well and in comfort, it would be wise to recognize the fact that you are a "tenderfoot" and act accordingly. For the average sportsman the object of a hunting trip in the West is to obtain diversion and acquire health. All the roughing it one requires is the vigorous exercise, the fresh air, with an occasional dip in ice cold water, which is conducive to health; the rest of the hardship it is well to leave out as far as possible.

My experience has led me to add to a hunting outfit, the oftener I go out, rather than depleting it. The first time I really saw an up-to-date outfit was in 1902, when I engaged as my guide Edward Sheffield, of Idaho. I joked him about all the things he was taking along and called him a "tender-

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foot." He replied that "he had had all the roughing it he wanted in his time, and those who really knew what it was generally preferred a camp as comfortable as possible." I experienced during that trip and a subsequent one I took next fall such comfort, combined with good sport, as I never had before.

I would advise taking an emergency medical case supplied with all the ordinary remedies. I have known the time when such a thing has proved extremely useful, and I have also known of sportsmen who have had their outing ruined through lack of some simple remedy.

AN ELK HUNT IN WYOMING

WHEN I wrote to my old guide Edward Sheffield, I was somewhat apprehensive about the outlook for sport, because I had heard that the best part of the Jackson Hole Country had been included in the reserve set apart by the State of Wyoming, where sport with big game had been entirely interdicted.

I was advised, however, that this was not the fact, and pinning my faith to the good judgment of the guide, I made arrangements for a fall hunt. Before reaching the terminal of the railroad journey I chanced to meet some sportsmen who discussed the sport and commented on the conditions existing in Jackson's Hole. The criticisms were by no means favorable, and various instances were cited of parties who had been disappointed

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in their expectations. My subsequent experience only served to convince me how dependent a sportsman has become upon the services of a good guide.

The trip from St. Anthony to Jackson was without incident worth relating, except at the start. The pack horses, which, during their stay in town, had fared handsomely on oats and hay and been well sheltered, did not look forward to a trip back into the bleak and sterile mountains with the same pleasure that I did; their refractory souls yearned for the comfortable quarters they were just leaving with the same tenacity that the children of Israel in the wilderness "longed for the fleshpots of Egypt," but here the comparison ends, for they had not a guide who was meek and gentle like Moses.

About a mile from St. Anthony the whole bunch turned off on a side road and went back to their former quarters. After some delay they were finally got in line again, and



GUIDE EDWARD SHEFFIELD AND TWO ELK HEADS.

ELK HUNT IN WYOMING

with the aid of a couple of Mormons, who, for a consideration, agreed to help them for several miles, we got the pack train properly started, and after that had no further trouble with them.

The journey was a fairly long one, but it became more interesting as we drew away from civilization and got closer to the place where we intended to make permanent camp. After the first day we passed the wide monotonous stretch of sage brush flats which lies between St. Anthony and Victor; after that the landscape grew more mountainous and wooded. The country became very picturesque as we proceeded; every mountain presented a view which was a panorama; every opening in the timber seemed a natural frame for an entrancing picture; the atmosphere so clear and bracing gave fine definition to objects in view; the winding river rushed fretting and foaming between the rocks in the valley below; large clumps of spruces

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clustered upon the mountain sides, and the rough crags were powdered with snow and sometimes glistening with rills which coursed down their rugged surfaces. After traveling along the Gros Ventre River for a considerable distance we at last came in view of Mt. Leidy, superbly situated between two rows of mountains on either side of a pleasant valley, at the head of which that peak stands. The ground was covered with a few inches of snow—enough to make good hunting. We made an early camp and had plenty of time to get everything arranged before it became dark. The location was ideal; plenty of timber nearby; a fine stream of clear, cold water, and good grazing for the horses. It was quite important to have a good range for the stock, because there were eleven pack horses and three riding horses—fourteen in all. To take care of these required the services of a horse wrangler. I had three men, my regular guide, Edward Sheffield; Charles

ELK HUNT IN WYOMING

Herdick, a Wyoming guide, and Marcus Imo, who cooked and turned his hand to anything else that had to be attended to.

The day being young when we arrived, I employed it in making a short hunting scout. Charles Herdick went with me, and I soon discovered how much my wind had deteriorated since I had last been out, for in the meantime I had lived a life of comparative ease. The general elevation in this section ranges from 7,000 to 10,000 feet, and it takes a few days to accustom your lungs to the rarified atmosphere. When one is not taking any vigorous exercise the climate feels exhilarating and inspires one with the belief that he is able to perform any kind of feat; a few minutes of real strenuous exercise and this delusion is destroyed. I soon discovered that Herdick was a good hand at mountain climbing, being wonderfully supple and possessed of the best pair of lungs of anyone I ever knew.

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We finally caught sight of a small bunch of elk at a considerable distance. As they were moving over a crest of a hill it became necessary to travel with speed to get near enough for a shot, if by chance there should be a good head in the bunch. The elk had not seen us, but were moving and might get out of range. Completely exhausted I finally gained the summit of a hill overlooking the herd, which had halted. An old bull stood in the quaking aspens, not over sixty yards away. A glance at the head, and I saw that I had had my pains for nothing. I watched the animals for a few moments, and they seemed to me like old acquaintances, for it had been three years since I last hunted this kind of game. I do not believe they were as pleased to see me as I was to see them. They soon started to run directly from us in the direction of camp, which was quite near. My guide, Edward Sheffield, told me afterward that they came very near, and he

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was afraid they would run through camp. He gravely warned me against the danger of driving a large bunch of "Uncle Sam's cattle" in that direction.

It was a pleasure after this little excitement to drop into a comfortable camp and find everything nicely arranged and a good meal provided. My quarters were supplied with every convenience that could be expected by one who travels with a pack outfit. It may, perhaps, interest those who have had no practical experience in Western hunting to know what can be furnished. We had folding chairs, a folding table, two tents, and in each a portable sheet-iron stove with a couple of lengths of pipe to take off the smoke. I had a pneumatic mattress to save my tired flesh from the hard ground, and whatever else was required which horses could pack in. When I was tired of hunting I could rest a day or so and read novels in a comfortable tent, no matter how cold the

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weather. This does not seem like roughing it. The frontiersman of former days would have thought such comfort with a hunting outfit impossible. Modern progress, however, has caused most of the inconveniences of camp life to disappear as if by magic. Would that its magic influence could restock the wilderness with the great herds of wild animals that have vanished.

The following day I went out with the guide to try my luck. We had not traveled more than two miles before discovering a small herd of elk. We circled around them sufficiently to size them up, but could find no heads worth picking out. Our course was then changed, and we hunted toward a high mountain north of Mt. Leidy. From this point we obtained a fine view of the surrounding country, which I carefully swept with my Seitz glasses in quest of game. Far off on a distant ridge we finally saw some elk slowly moving out of the timber into the



VALLEY OF GROS VENTRE.

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open. Their brown shapes showed very distinctly against the snow-covered hills, but, although there was a considerable number in view, no good antlers were visible. My strong glasses proved of very great service to me. With them I could ascertain plainly what otherwise I would have had to guess at, and they saved me many a long excursion over rough country to determine the value of a set of antlers. My guide was quite as anxious as myself that I should not have any trophies unworthy of a sportsman's ambition. The law allows one only two heads, and it is necessary to take great pains to avoid making mistakes. I made up my mind that I would go back empty-handed rather than pack out antlers which would reflect discredit upon my skill. The guide was particularly anxious that I should obtain specimens which would do no injury to his reputation. I think I must have passed unfavorable judgment upon twenty-five or thirty heads—for

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which the guide was mainly responsible—before I finally secured my trophies. Any number of bulls presented themselves, some of them quite easy marks, only to be snubbed and turned down. Paris, in passing judgment upon the goddesses to determine which was the most beautiful, could not have been more critical or discriminating than the guide. I doubt if the unsuccessful rivals of the bulls I finally chose as worthy specimens were seriously disappointed.

To illustrate the ease with which I could have secured my legal allowance of two bulls, to say nothing of cows, I will cite a few instances of the opportunities I had. On one occasion I was going through the timber where I heard a number of elk. The guide called my attention to a bull lying on the ground not sixty yards away, partly concealed by the spruce brush. He was facing directly toward us, his front feet folded under his body and his nose close to the

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ground. We stood quite still and surveyed him carefully, sizing up the head, which had twelve points, but not large nor heavy at the base. The glasses were brought into service to make a more critical examination. A couple of minutes we stood discussing him, when finally he gave a brief snort, which sounded like an expression of disgust at our impertinence, and then jumped up and loped out of sight.

Shortly afterward we managed to approach close to a very large herd of elk, mostly hidden in the timber. From our concealment we could see a number of the animals not over thirty or forty yards away. About 150 yards off were a couple of young bulls exercising their skill by fencing with their antlers, evidently in sport. We could hear the frequent clash of the horns and often got a good view of the contestants. We waited in this spot over an hour, until despairing of seeing anything worth shooting at before it grew

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too dark, we suddenly rose up in plain view. The peaceful scene was soon converted into one of great confusion. For a moment the elk stared at us with their beautiful large brown eyes in astonishment, then a general panic communicated itself to the herd, and every animal in sight began moving off. Each clump of vegetation that could conceal a form seemed suddenly animated by a creature breaking from its hiding place, fleeing for safety; the cows and calves gave vent to their peculiar bleat of alarm, while the bulls snorted and rattled their antlers against the trees in their haste. For some hundred yards in the timber, and well up on the mountain side, the scene became particularly animated. I hurried to an opening in the timber, where I could get a good view of the retreating herd, which had drawn together into quite a solid moving mass. The number of elk greatly exceeded my expectations. Nine-tenths of the herd had been as carefully con-

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ceased from us as we had been from them. There must have been at a conservative estimate not less than 400 in the herd, and possibly 500. A sportsman could only admire this striking and beautiful spectacle because there was no head worth securing. A tooth hunter or a butcher, with a high-power repeating rifle, could have repeated one of those scenes which sickens every lover of sport.

At another time I came upon a band of elk quite as numerous, and, although there were a couple of good heads in view, yet the number of cow elk was so great that it was practically impossible to get a good shot. The entire mass fled straight up the side of a steep mountain covered with quaking aspen and spruce. For some time we could see them crowding one another in dense masses in their ascent, but the only shot attempted was with the camera, and without success.

One more instance, which will not only aid

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in proving the ease of securing an indifferent specimen, but goes to show that when game is too plentiful it is an actual handicap to the sportsman. I saw a fine head across a gulch at a considerable distance. I fired and missed it and the animal escaped beyond range. I crossed the gulch to examine the spot where the bull had stood and followed his tracks to see if he had been wounded, and if so, how badly. Although the ground was covered with two feet of snow, yet I could discover no signs of blood. While discussing the matter with the guide we became conscious that we were not unperceived, for a great number of elk began to move among the trees, having evidently "spotted" us. We made at once for concealment and ran as fast as we could through the deep snow to an open place toward which the herd was heading.

Carefully hidden from view we saw a great brown mass thunder past, and before

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it had disappeared from sight I caught a glimpse of the precious set of antlers belonging to the bull I shot at carried in triumph out of sight. They appeared but for a moment in the narrow opening, in which the intended victim was well protected by cows, which formed a perfect wall of flesh which no bullet could pierce and speed on to its mark. We made another run under concealment in the hope of being able to come upon the herd again in case it should halt, which it did. In an open space on the further side of the mountain we confronted the elk at close quarters. The rapid traveling in the deep snow over rough country left me very much exhausted. The first object that attracted the attention of the guide and myself was a large bull of twelve points at very close range. I thought in the hurry of the moment, my vision perhaps being blurred by nervous strain and exhaustion, that it was the same magnificent specimen I had shot at be-

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fore and was trying to secure, and the animal's position—turned quartering toward me—aided the deception. I soon discovered the mistake, however, my attention being called by the guide to another bull which proved to be the one I so earnestly desired. I brought my rifle in position to draw a bead on a vital spot, but the bull was immediately blanketed by several cows running between. If I could have had a clear range the shot would have been about the easiest I ever had, but the faithful cows with their calves swarmed around their lord, and I beheld with disappointment as fine a pair of antlers as I ever saw borne safely out of sight. The old bull must have evidently believed that "there is safety in numbers."

There is another disadvantage in encountering a great quantity of game when attempting to secure a good trophy. Each animal, however poor a head it may possess, has generally a good pair of eyes, a keen scent

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and excellent hearing. Each addition to a herd is another sentinel, always on duty and ready at any moment to sound the alarm. On a previous hunting trip, when the elk were not nearly so plentiful, I got the heads I wanted in less time. I cannot place the blame for the trouble I had in securing my heads on the cows entirely.

A couple of days before the scarlet letter day of my hunt I fired at a fine bull in a gulch quite a distance off. He immediately quickened his pace and was soon out of range. I glanced at my rifle and I found that the elevation of the sight had been misplaced, being ranged for fifty yards. I think it is best to have the sight of a high power gun with a very flat trajectory sighted for 100 yards, and to draw a fine or coarse sight on the object as occasion may require. We examined the spot where the bull had been seen when fired at and discovered a sprinkling of blood along his tracks. Tying the horses,

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we started to follow the trail on foot. The course the bull took favored the higher elevations more than the depressions, which was a bad sign, so with grave misgivings we continued the pursuit. The increasing signs of blood inspired us with hope; here and there he occasionally stood, as was evident from the quantity of blood and the character of the impression his feet made in the snow. In other respects the signs were disappointing; the tracks showed no indication of weakness, and frequently led us across high fallen trees and along steep places, where I followed with difficulty. The blood, although quite plentiful, was a light red, and not the dark color which would be discharged were some vital spot injured. Finally, after traveling about six miles, the flow of blood began to lessen. At length we reached a point where he entered a tract of thick timber, evidently at a walk. We concluded that it was best not to pursue him in this retreat,



CHAS. HERDICK SKINNING A BULL ELK.
THE AUTHOR AT THE RIGHT.

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because his slow pace might indicate exhaustion and a disposition to lie down. The only hope I had of securing him would be in case of his lying down and becoming stiff from his wound and not being able to get up. We concluded to allow plenty of time for this to happen. The guide made a circuit around the timber and could discover no trace of his having emerged from it. We then went back to the horses and rode to camp. The succeeding day we returned to the spot, traced the steps of the elk to a place where he had lain down, and saw a slight discoloration of the snow where his brisket had touched it, his tracks led onward, and signs of bleeding had ceased. All our trouble had been in vain because of an improperly arranged sight.

By this time I had been about ten days in camp and was growing quite accustomed to the life. Although the weather was quite cold, at times going to eight or ten below

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zero at night, yet it often grew warm enough during the day to thaw, but it was dry, light atmosphere and always bracing. Every night for a brief interval we were treated to a serenade from the coyotes, a ridiculous, wild and unearthly chant, which became a positive nuisance when the dogs undertook an accompaniment right at our ears. Occasionally a bull elk, feeding during the full of the moon, would cause the cold atmosphere to vibrate with his shrill whistle as he loped past the camp. In all other respects we were entirely alone for the twenty-two days I stayed in camp except one, when the game warden dropped in to look at my license, and after a brief stay took his departure. How different this was from most of the hunting in the East, where the number of sportsmen has become so great as to render the pastime almost as dangerous for the hunter as it is for game. Particularly is this the case when "green sportsmen" persist in shooting at any-

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thing that moves without first finding out what it is. My guide expressed his surprise at the number of accidents which occur every year in the Adirondacks through gross carelessness. He remarked that he believed it would be best if one were hunting in the Adirondacks and saw anything moving in the brush to shoot without waiting to find out what it was, because the chances are that it would be a man, and if you did not shoot him he would shoot you. I was rather amused at this piece of grim humor, which is a sample of what he generally had on tap.

The sun dawned auspiciously upon what proved to be my luckiest day in camp. For some days I had hunted diligently without securing the heads that would satisfy me. We had not journeyed over three miles from camp before we saw, at quite a distance, a large bull move into a thickly wooded valley. We turned our course in that direction, keeping out of view as much as possible, riding

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along a hill which overlooked the valley into which the bull had taken refuge. We came to an open and slightly undulating country, which was covered with about eighteen inches of snow, and gave evidence that quite a number of elk had recently passed that way, and about 500 yards off saw a herd with several good heads. The country was quite open, but broken up with thick clumps of spruce trees here and there. To get nearer the herd it was necessary to cross a wide open space, but by a timely maneuver of the guide we traveled under cover until we reached a point where a thick clump of trees standing out in the open space obstructed the view between us and the elk. We then rode out in the open toward the clump of trees which concealed us from view. Having gained this point, which was about 175 to 200 yards from the herd, I dismounted and stepped out in the clearing. The cows again provokingly ran between me and the largest

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bull, which I had marked as my own. Fortunately, the cows ran ahead and I got a quartering view of the large bull. The bright reflection of the sun on the snow made it somewhat difficult to fully distinguish the body of the animal in the dense moving mass, but I succeeded in locating it. Drawing a fine sight on my Mauser I fired. The entire herd disappeared over the crest of the hill. The guide, who by this time had mounted his horse, cried, "You have got a bull." I asked him if it was the "big one." He replied, "I don't know." In the confused and changing mass it was indeed difficult to keep track of any particular one. We urged the horses to their utmost speed; the antlers of the bull continued growing larger to the view as we drew near. Finally, with an exclamation of satisfaction, the guide slipped off his horse and congratulated me upon the kill. "The largest head in the bunch." It was indeed a fine bull, with a spread just short

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of four feet. There were twelve points on the antlers, six tines on each side. The bullet had lodged a little back of the shoulder and the animal had dropped without a struggle. In the space of fifteen or twenty minutes the carcass was dressed; the mantle had been stripped off, and we were ready to return for a couple of pack horses to bring in the antlers and meat.

We had hardly mounted the horses when we saw another bull with a fine head about 250 yards away. I slid off my horse, and getting the distance from the guide, I drew a coarse sight and fired as the animal was going over a hill. We hurried over to the spot where the bull had been and saw faint splotches of blood on the snow. As we descended the hill the guide remarked he hoped we would not have as long a chase after this one as we did after the bull we hunted so long a few days previous. I replied that I was certain we would not. "How

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do you know?" he asked. For answer I pointed to a lifeless form just beyond lying among some spruce trees. As the guide stepped alongside of me, where he could get a view, he expressed his surprise at the luck I had had in getting two such fine heads in so short an interval. It was barely half an hour since I had secured my first trophy, and now I had a second one which we both regarded as better than the first. The ball had struck back of the shoulder a little above the middle of the body. The spread of this head was a trifle larger than the first one I had shot; the antlers were more solid, especially at the base. My hard hunting had been rewarded. I had obtained inside of half an hour two heads as handsome and large as any that it had ever been my good fortune to secure. I felt like a school boy about to take a vacation, for I had hunted faithfully for about eleven days and I promised myself a rest when I had won out with the bulls.

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For several days I took it easy; a large part of the time I sat in a comfortable chair in camp and read novels and played cards. I also managed to work up quite a small medical practice, my victims being Sheffield, Charles Herdick and Marcus Imo, the cook and horse wrangler. The remedies which some people of the far West prescribe for their ailments are quite original and simple. One day when I was starting out on horseback to hunt in company with Herdick, I noticed that he had not saddled his horse. I asked him the reason. He replied that he was not feeling well and wanted exercise. Anyone familiar with hunting in Jackson's Hole knows how often one has to leave the horse to travel on foot over rough country through snow and up slippery ascents for hundreds of feet.

Herdick evidently thought this was not enough exercise to keep him in condition. Another time Imo had contracted a severe

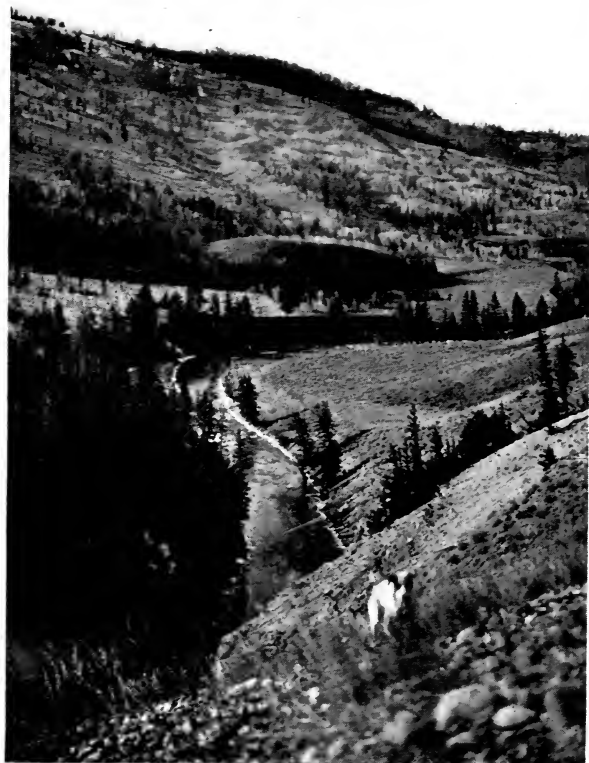
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cold which I wanted to prescribe for. He replied that it had come on without anything and it would go off without anything. After some persuasion he consented to take a good dose of quinine and a hot drink before retiring. The next morning the cold had about disappeared, but when Imo went out to round up the horses he had great difficulty in hearing the bell on account of the quinine buzzing in his ear, which confirmed his bad opinion of medicine.

After I had tired of loafing I hunted with the dogs, tracking cougars, bobcats and lynx. Occasionally I would take a shot at a coyote to pay it back for some of the unearthly serenades we had been treated to at night. One day, while following the track of a lynx, Herdick came across a No. 5 bear trap. He discovered it by noticing some fresh elk meat near it. The trap was carefully concealed, and had he been an inexperienced hunter or perhaps walking along there at night he

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might have made discovery by stepping in it. It is against the law to bait a trap with elk meat, and it should be forbidden to set traps around indiscriminately where sportsmen are licensed to hunt; the permission implying reasonable safety, which is not the case when dangerous traps are set without proper safeguards. We sprung the trap and went on. Some men, who are acquainted with the danger arising from this source, always carry a monkey-wrench when hunting or trapping. A steel trap which could hold a silver-tip would inflict a terrible injury upon anyone who was unfortunate enough to become entrapped, even if assistance were promptly rendered, and assistance being remote, might cause a painful, lingering death. I knew of a case where a trapper had set two No. 5 bear traps, and upon his return found a large silver-tip in one of them. Venturing rather close to the bear the enraged animal made a sudden lunge at him, which the man evaded



GROS VENTRE RIVER.

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by stepping back hurriedly. In doing so he accidentally fell and sprung the other trap with his knee and was caught in that position. The man was unable to get to his rifle to dispatch the bear, which was making efforts to reach him. Being in uncomfortably close quarters to the bear, and apprehensive of his safety, the trapper devised a clever plan to dispose of his disagreeable neighbor. Fastening his knife to the end of a long pole he repeatedly stabbed the bear until death ensued. His companion, going to examine the traps, at last found him almost dead with pain and released him.

The end of my outing at length drew near, and it became necessary to make arrangements to break camp. I had become quite attached to the beautiful spot where I had spent such a pleasant time and had so much luck. Although I had not bagged all the game the law allowed me, yet I felt that I had obtained exceptionally good heads and

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was satisfied. I had also collected a considerable number of photographs, of which Sheffield took the greatest number; in fact, he proved quite an expert in this line. The horses seemed no more anxious to leave than we were, and occasionally proved refractory and commenced to buck until something was bound over their eyes. The first night of the journey homeward we camped on the banks of the Gros Ventre. We put up no tents, but slept out in the open, because, as I said to the guide, I wanted to see how it felt to rough it.

During the day we had descended into a country where the elevation was considerably lower. The snow, which we had seen continuously in our former camp, had all disappeared and the temperature was much warmer. Early the next day we reached Jackson, where we put up at Nelson's Hotel and were very hospitably entertained. Although remote from the regular line of

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travel and the railroad, the people in this locality live remarkably well and in comfort, and on reaching this point I felt I was in touch with the rest of the world. Although it is 100 miles from the railroad, yet it is connected with St. Anthony by telephone. A musical entertainment was arranged here for our benefit by the hospitable inhabitants of the place, which proved very enjoyable.



